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CONTENTS

Comments . . . . Page 305
The Moscow Purge 307
When a Union is Not a Union. By Negley Farson 308
A London Diary 309
This England 311
Rainbow Chasing. By Y. Y. 311
Politics and Witchcraft. By Geoffrey Pyke . 312
Correspondence 314
From Victor Moody; P. A. Sloan; Lord Ponsonby; Captain Philip S. Mumford; A. P. Lerner and Paul M. Sweezy; W. Horsfall Carter; Captain Arthur Applin; Archibald Robertson; W. H.-H. Waters; S. K. Ratcliffe; Gerald Bullett; Leonard Woolf; Edith M. Forrest.
Oxford Revisited. By Barrington Gates . . . 317
Portrait of a Spanish General. By Geoffrey Brereton 318
New Salzburg Productions. By W. J. Turner . . . . Page 319
Plays and Pictures 320
Books in General. By David Garnett 321
Reviews:
New Novels. By Peter Quennell 322
War for War's Sake. By Michael Foot . . 322
An Early Bluestocking. By Ruthven Todd . . 324
Hofmannsthal's Novel. By John Lehmann . . 326
The Country Interest 326
Currency and Banking 326
Away with Ornament. By K. John . . . 328
Shorter Notices 328
Week-end Competitions 330
Crossword 332
The Week in the City. By Toreador 334

The New Statesman and Nation—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

THERE has been little change in the situation in Spain during the past week. The insurgents' main effort has been directed against Irun, which as we write seems on the point of falling after a ferocious siege. Oviedo, Toledo and Majorca still hold out against loyalist pressure; Madrid is being subjected to spasmodic air raids. The South is relatively quiet. Meanwhile the non-intervention plans of the European Powers are held up by the reluctance of Germany and Portugal to join a committee of control. There is no question that the rebels are getting material aid as well as spiritual comfort from Lisbon, or that they have in their service as pilots of their bombing planes a large number of Germans and Italians—as many as 160, according to an authoritative report from Paris. The Portuguese are now demanding details of the committee's scope and duties. Germany is still silent. There is in fact no evidence that the Fascist Powers mean honestly to observe any neutrality agreement, and the French and British Governments ought to put an early time-limit to this tragic farce.

"Humanising" the War

Nor does the minor plan of foreign mediation for the purpose of "humanising" the conflict look much more hopeful. The idea is laudable enough; there are revolting cruelties and excesses on both sides. Lawyers may argue that much that is done on the Government side—the exposure of hostages, for example—is justified by the "rules of war," and plain men may ask whether the slaughter of non-combatants by bullets and shells in Spain is worse than their slaughter or maiming by poison gas in Abyssinia. But these are obviously not cogent objections to an attempt to abate the fury, if it can be abated. The practical difficulty is that the Spanish war is not a contest of two disciplined forces. There is no real unity of command or control on either side. The rebel chiefs are a number of confederates operating more or less independently. The Spanish Government has little authority. The fighting forces of the Left have a common cause in the defence of their lives and homes and liberties; but the Anarchists and Socialists and Communists, the workers of Madrid and Barcelona, the miners of Asturias and the peasants of Andalusia, have no single leader or body of leaders who can speak effectively for all or command the obedience of all. And when they have won the war, as we hope they will, to get unity and leadership may prove a formidable problem for the Spanish Republic.

New Orientations in Europe

Two diplomatic events have fluttered the European dovecotes this week. General Rydz-Smigly's visit to Paris, following General Gamelin's to Warsaw, heralds it is believed the renewal of the old cordial relations between Poland and France and a corresponding weakening of Colonel Beck's pro-German policy. Against this must be set the ousting of M. Titulescu from the Rumanian Cabinet. M. Titulescu has been the unwavering champion of the French connection and of the Little Entente, and there can be no doubt that his downfall is largely due to German and Italian influence. M. Tatarescu, the Prime Minister, and M. Antonescu, the new Foreign Minister, both declare that there will be no change in Rumanian foreign policy, and this may prove true, for the present at least, though there is considerable suspicion and anxiety in France as well as in Russia, with whom Titulescu had established excellent relations. The pretext for the Cabinet reshuffle was that drastic measures were required for strengthening domestic order, that this necessitated a Cabinet composed entirely of "Liberals" and that Titulescu was not a Liberal. The first of these measures was a decree published on Tuesday dissolving party "armies." The decree will doubtless be enforced as rigorously as possible against the Peasants of the Left. But will those on the other side—the Fascist "Iron Guards" and the "National Christians"—be equally firmly dealt with?

More Armaments

There is another big spurt in the armaments race. A few weeks ago Soviet Russia decided to lower the military age. Last week Hitler issued his two-year service decree, and now, as a reply to this, France is planning an increase of her strength. It is very unlikely that the French term of service will be extended, but there will probably be an increase of guns and war material. Italy, it would seem, is content for the moment; Mussolini boasted the other day that all her armed forces are in a high state of efficiency and that in the course of a few hours she could mobilise 8,000,000 men, "brought by the Fascist regime to the necessary high temperature of sacrifice and heroism." The Germans, on second thoughts, are not so happy. The extension of the period of conscription has not been received with enthusiasm by the German people, and Dr. Schacht and his friends have apparently sharpened doubts about the economic advantages of unlimited armaments. These doubts have been reflected in the Nazi newspapers, which have talked of trade and houses instead of shells, and toyed with the idea of limitation. That, for what it is worth, sounds encouraging. But what is it worth—in face of the insane Nazi hatred of Russia and of the sinister programme—still not disavowed—of *Mein Kampf?*

The Free City

The report of Mr. James Griffiths and Mr. Arthur Jenkins, the two Labour M.P.s who have just visited Danzig, reveals a state of affairs to which the League can scarcely turn a blind eye. Since the elections last year the Free City Constitution has been torn to shreds and in its place has been erected a form of government which imports all the last refinements of Nazi terror. Opposition leaders, Trade Union organisers, anyone in short who dares to exercise the liberties guaranteed to the citizens of Danzig by the League, may be flung into gaol without charge, trial or a chance to see their friends. In these circumstances the office of High Commissioner has been reduced to a mockery. Anyone who makes an appeal to him is branded as a traitor, and a Danzig citizen who visits his office to do business with him must first escape the attentions of the Nazi policemen outside. The two British M.P.s on their visit to the Commissioner owed their more courteous treatment to the fact that their telephone communication from the British Consul's office had already been tapped by Nazi officials. Mr. Lester has struggled valiantly against overwhelming odds, but without direct aid from Geneva he is as helpless as the free citizens themselves. The Nazis, who won their slender majority by fraud and intimidation, found their actions in effect condoned by a League decision, and Mr. Eden now has the task of reporting on the nightmare that has followed.

The Palestine Dilemma

Throughout the past week rumours have suggested that the long drawn-out battle in Palestine would soon be brought to an end. Nuri Pasha, the Iraqi Foreign Minister, who has been acting as a mediator between the Higher Arab Committee and the Palestine Government, is alleged to have been able to extort from the Government a plan which the Arabs can accept. Everyone wants a settlement, but the Jews fear that peace is only now in sight because an unfair bargain has been struck. The strike is first to be called off and later, as a reward for Arab magnanimity, Jewish immigration is to be suspended whilst the Royal Commission is sitting—a suspension which might turn out to be not merely temporary. These anxieties may be unfounded, yet it is difficult to understand on what other terms the Arabs would be prepared to call off a campaign which has been so successful in harassing the Government. Such a policy would be denounced by the Zionists as a reversal of the promises given by the Colonial Secretary whilst Parliament was in session. Yet the fiercest critic of the Government would not be justified in minimising the awkwardness of the situation. If the Arabs are determined to gain their ends, the mandate can only be carried out in its entirety by British bombs and bayonets.

Health and Politics

Every week brings new evidence of the necessity of a health policy planned on a national scale. In an interesting speech at the Sanitary Inspectors Association on Tuesday Sir Leonard Hill made a plea for more rigid intervention by the authorities to prevent the spread of infection. Every year in this country 2,000 children die from bovine tuberculosis, whilst at the same time contamination of milk is a chief cause of diseases ranging from sore throats to scarlet fever. All such milk infection could be stopped by efficient pasteurisation. Yet in defiance of the medical authorities, the Government has instituted an "accredited" grade of milk which the public will no doubt consider safe, but which Sir Leonard declares will give no security against milk-borne infections. The report of the Medical Officer of Health for Manchester offers evidence of wider application. The general death rate on the corporation housing estates was found to be 7.04 per thousand as against 12.91 in the city as a whole and 17.32 in the clearance areas. The death rates in fact showed an astonishing variation, ranging from 7.7 per thousand in the best district to 40.7 in the worst. No one can doubt that if, on the basis of the knowledge already available, a frontal attack were made by the Government, the benefit to the nation's health would be incalculable. The trouble, as Sir Leonard Hill pointed out, is that "policy is ruled by commercial interests and not by science." According to the laws of supply and demand this is heresy. But when sanitary inspectors start repeating the jargon of Socialist agitators someone ought to take notice!

Rent Rebates

These figures, collected by the Manchester M.O.H.' suggest that improved housing may provide one of the best approaches to public health problems. In his recent book, however, Dr. M'Gonigle, the Medical Officer for Stockton-on-Tees showed that better housing was in many cases resulting in a lowering of the standard of nutrition. The majority of houses constructed with the aid of Government grants can only be let at rents which the lower paid workers cannot afford to pay. Tenants who transfer to the new estates may thus be forced to cut down the amount spent on food in order to pay the increased sum required for rent. Probably the only solution, and certainly the most obvious, is that offered by the institution of some form of rent rebates. This subject is discussed in a brilliant pamphlet by Geoffrey Wilson, just published by the New Fabian Research Bureau. Its conclusions are based on a detailed discussion of all the forty-six different rent rebate systems now in existence. Private enterprise cannot touch the real housing problem and Government schemes have been shown to be seriously inadequate. This pamphlet gives convincing proof that, even within the existing legislation, a partial solution is possible.

The "Queen Mary"

The *Queen Mary* has justified the confidence of her designers by crossing the Atlantic in both directions faster than any other ship. The cloistered philosopher may wonder to what use the passengers put the 3½ hours they spent in Paris instead of on board, but the winning of the record has excited pleasure, none the less real for being unphilosophical, in the British public, and is likely to bring very tangible rewards to her owners. Their pride thus justifiably satisfied by her speed, perhaps they may become less impatient with critics of her decoration. Although the fussy vulgarity of much of the ornament has been a common subject of conversation, adverse comment has been most successfully blanketed in the press, and various newspapers—including one the dignity of which we should have supposed to be immune to pressure—censored from the despatches of their correspondents on board all unfavourable criticisms. So far as prestige is concerned, would it not be more useful to profit by criticism instead of resenting it, and to make a tidier job of the ship now being planned? In any case, as the construction of the ship depends on a financial guarantee from the Government, the public have a right to ask that the designs for the interior of the ship should be approved by some body better qualified to judge than the Board of Directors.

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THE MOSCOW PURGE

HISTORICALLY the new Bolshevik purge is more important than former mass executions in Russia. It marks the end of the Bolshevik Party ; only Stalin survives from the Old Guard. It marks, too, the final triumph of Stalin's nationalist policy. It means that the outside world has less than it had expected either to fear or to hope from Soviet Russia.

The truth about the plot for which Zinoviev, Kamenev and the others were executed, we do not know. We outraged the feelings of a number of readers last week by saying that we were "unconvinced" by the confessions. We meant exactly what we said. We are unconvinced just as we were by the trial of the British engineers in Moscow. We did not deny then, and we do not deny now, that the confessions may have contained the substantial truth. We complain because, in the absence of independent witnesses, there is no way of knowing. Mr. Pritt, K.C., who should be a good judge of evidence was present at the proceedings and cabled that the trial was fair. No doubt the conduct of the trial itself was fair. It was a far more elaborate business than the usual press reports suggest, and Russian procedure has advantages as well as disadvantages in comparison with Western methods. The prisoners could have withdrawn their confessions: they could defend themselves as they liked. But to say that they themselves refused counsel of their own free will makes the problem no easier. Clearly, if they were going to plead guilty and ask to be shot they had no need of a lawyer to do it for them. It is their confession and decision to demand the death sentence for themselves that constitutes the mystery. If they had a hope of acquittal, why confess? If they were guilty of trying to murder Stalin and knew they would be shot in any case, why cringe and crawl instead of defiantly justifying their plot on revolutionary grounds? We should be glad to hear the explanation.

Very likely there was a plot. The public evidence is not of a kind to enable us to speak with confidence. We must allow for the traditions of the G.P.U., for its tendency to regard all criticism as treachery and to label as Trotskyism any protest, however subdued, against the increasing nationalism of official Soviet policy—a protest that has gathered force with Russia's acceptance of a non-intervention policy in Spain. Allowance must be made for the intrigues and rivalries that are inseparable from dictatorship. Even assuming the whole story of the plot, such a general purge means much individual injustice. In the absence of safeguards against arbitrary arrest, informers are encouraged by the general atmosphere of suspicion and fear engendered by wholesale arrests. But there may well be more than this. Nazi agents have been even more active in Soviet Russia than elsewhere, and it would be surprising if they had found no discontent to exploit. When we hear that so close and trusted a friend of Stalin as Radek is suspected and that one of the ablest of Soviet generals is recalled for examination and that a hunt is going on for men and women who may have some time said something critical of official policy we are compelled to wonder whether there may not be more serious discontent in the Soviet Union than was generally believed.

Every effort is, of course, being made to exploit this proof of difficulty and violence in Soviet Russia. It is grist to the mill of Conservatives, who hate Socialism as it presents the official Labour Party machine with a powerful argument against Communist affiliation, and even against a working "popular front." This demand was supported by the publication of a democratic constitution to be put in operation in Russia this autumn. It guarantees in specific terms the rights of free association, free publication and a free press. It even guarantees halls for meetings and papers for argument at elections. This was taken as a welcome sign that the Soviet Union was approaching the stage when the Government would feel sufficiently secure to permit of the exercise of individual liberty. Whatever view we accept of this plot and of the general round-up of Trotskyites we must admit that the present atmosphere is not favourable to the feeling of security that is essential if opposition opinion—even Trotskyist opinion—is to be freely expressed at an election.

Let us see this matter in perspective. A social revolution is accompanied both by violence and by idealism. Its success must be judged primarily by the permanent achievement of its economic aims. But it is right also to take into account the continuance or relaxation of the violence and the persistence or obliteration of the idealism. Enthusiasts without adequate historical background are apt to react too violently to phases of revolution. In the early stages of the French Revolution Liberal England felt with Wordsworth that it was "bliss to be alive," and hailed revolutionary Paris as Utopia, just as unwise idealists have refused to see any regrettable aspects in the building of Soviet Russia. When successive juntas surpassed one another in violence at each stage of the French Revolution the unwary apostles of the new world too often relapsed into cynicism or were transformed into high Tories. We fear the same process to-day. Some idealistic people, finding few secure investments for their spiritual capital, have staked their all on Soviet Russia and may feel spiritually bankrupt when the dividend is beneath expectations. We believe that it is bad tactics as well as bad morals to meet their disillusion with a fanatical pretence that nothing can be amiss in Soviet Russia. The right reply is honestly to admit that there is a great deal amiss, and that political liberty has a long battle to fight before it becomes a reality in Soviet Russia. But that makes no difference to the essential fact that Russia is a Socialist country with an overwhelming desire for peace.

The Russian Revolution is in any case the greatest achievement of this generation. It always takes a totally disproportionate amount of steam to accomplish an obviously necessary social change. In the eighteenth century the crying need was for a release of the middle class, for the abolition of privilege and feudalism, for the ownership of the land by the people who worked on it. In the twentieth century, the prime economic necessity is for the release of the working classes to the fair share in the new wealth, which is denied them by a system that leaves the basic means of life in the hands of private owners. When the smoke had cleared away from the Napoleonic wars, it was found that the French Revolution had been successful in its main objective. The peasants owned the land of France, and the ideas of liberty and equality which went with the abolition of feudal landlordship were spread not only in France, but all over Europe. In exactly the same way the essential economic change of our generation has been carried out in Russia and in Russia only, and the power of the G.P.U. and the excessive and increasing control of the Soviet bureaucracy are, historically speaking, of secondary importance. The necessity for this economic change in other countries grows every day more obvious; every day the fear of it drives Fascism to more violent assaults. This is our problem and in confronting it Russia is necessarily our ally, even though at times a singularly awkward ally. Much that is disappointing in Russia to-day is due to the fear of invasion and the vast military preparations that follow from such a fear. We must expect the Soviet Union to be, before all things, concerned with its own defence. Russia will, to an increasing extent, want the alliance of foreign governments, and therefore be correspondingly careful in aiding proletarian movements. The Left must recognise this in shaping its future course.

WHEN A UNION IS NOT A UNION

NEWSPAPER accounts of Labour unrest which is again sweeping the huge steel industry in the United States predict a recurrence of that epidemic of strikes which ravaged America from coast to coast during the summer of 1934. Yet even now the majority of the American press is not painting a true picture of it. Paris editions of American papers, declaring Steel may see one of the fiercest strikes in its history, say "Administration officials are helpless." This implies that the Government officials are unable to do anything with the strikers, whereas the exact opposite is the case; the Government cannot do anything with the big employers. And this brings out one of the most bitter, misunderstood battles in the not altogether tranquil history of American industrial disturbances.

The real story is that American Big Business is so big that it has defied the President. The chief demand of Labour in those strikes where workmen were jailed, shot or clubbed to death during the summer of 1934 was for the right to collective bargaining, given to American Labour by Roosevelt under his famous Section 7-A of N.R.A. It may be a little difficult for the English to understand this, because this is a right—to have his Labour Union represent him in making contracts with his employers—that the English workman has had for over sixty years. Roosevelt gave it. But the leaders among the American industrialists refused to let Labour have it.

"It will take the American Federation of Labour longer to get 'recognition' from us," the head of one of the largest steel corporations in America told me, "than it took the Soviets to get it from the United States!"

He boasted about it. The great steel plant that he was immediately in charge of had turned the three square miles of its works into an armed encampment. Another company had imported 134 armed guards (strike-breakers, imported from a recognised company in New York which supplies such thugs); and they were housed on the fifth floor of my hotel in Gary, Indiana; $1,500 worth of revolvers and ammunition were taken up to them one afternoon. And they were then housed in Pullman cars, which were run in on the railway tracks and parked beside the blast furnaces of another huge steel corporation. I got inside the works and saw them.

The same boast was made to me by the big employers in motor and rubber—two more of the huge "key" industries of America. "I'll move my entire plant—before I'll back down and recognise the American Federation of Labour," the president of one of the biggest rubber companies in Akron, Ohio, told me. "I'll close the whole damn works!"

His workmen were on strike, some 5,000 of them, led by an A.F. of L. organiser who had survived the bloody Youngstown steel strikes—that ghastly affair where Labour sent in 200 organisers—and only eleven came through it all. I spent a considerable amount of time with this Labour leader, also with the Government Labour Relations man who had been sent out to Akron to try and prevent a general rubber strike.

"I can't do anything," said the Government intermediary. "If X (the rubber company's president) refuses to deal with Y (the A.F. of L. strike leader) then the only answer is to take this case to the Supreme Court."

"That's just where I want it to go," said the president of the rubber company, when I saw him out at his palatial home on the main boulevard. That was what Mr. Weir, president of the Weirton Steel Company, one of the biggest individual steel plants in America, told his striking workers. They were taking it to the Supreme Court when that Court invalidated N.R.A. over a chicken case, and N.R.A., with its Section 7-A, became illegal.

Now the interesting thing during all those strikes was the strong belief in the average big employer's mind that the American workman really did not want to join a Labour Union. The Amalgamated Iron Steel and Tin Workers of America had had a union in steel for over forty years—but it had never won a strike. There was some sense in the Steel Barons' contemptuous comment of "Who would want to join a union like that!" But in motor cars and rubber—neither of which had ever had a trade union (one of the chief duties of the Chamber of Commerce in Detroit, it was said, was to stave off such unions), within eight months after Roosevelt gave Labour the right to represent the employees in bargaining with the employers, the A.F. of L. "organised" over 40 per cent. of the workers in the motor car industry in the straight production plants, over 50 per cent. in the body plants. In rubber, the A.F. of L. "organised"—enrolled in unions—over 80 per cent. of all the workers in the great rubber industry.

During 1934 the professional Republican party spokesmen allied themselves with the employers in their refusal to give Labour this right to collective bargaining. At the annual picnic of the United Rubber Workers of America, at Springfield Lake, Ohio, I saw the result of this Republican mistake of aligning themselves with the people who were refusing to give American Labour a right which (such as at bloody Toledo and the Pacific Coast longshoremen's strike) it was willing to be killed for.

"Roosevelt," cried the Labour speakers at Springfield Lake picnic, "has vision. He can see what is wanted by the great working population of America. Hoover . . . hell . . . Hoover can't see no further than Wall Street!"

This brought shouts of applause from the rubber workers. I wrote it for my paper, a staunch Republican organ, which, nevertheless, printed every word of it—although the editors "did not necessarily agree" with me. But, thank God, it remains in black and white that in 1934 someone did point out the folly of the Republicans politically aligning themselves on the side of Big Business in its refusal to recognise organised Labour in the United States. And what has happened? At the Cleveland Convention, realising that the workers really did mean to get the recognition that Roosevelt had given them, the Republican Party hastily inserted a plank in its election campaign platform guaranteeing the right of collective bargaining.

This is the interesting point—the real reason for the threatened revival of strikes in steel and other key industries in the United States. For, although Roosevelt gave Labour this right, it was clearly seen by the big Labour leaders that Big Business was so big that it could prevent Roosevelt from enforcing it. John L. Lewis, therefore, President of the Miners' Federation, decided to organise Labour on such a strong basis that it could *take* this right from the employers—Government aided or otherwise. That is the reason for the present huge split in the ranks of the American Federation of Labour. Instead of the old craft unions where in, say, the motor industry, the mechanics belonged to one union, the die and tool workers to another, Lewis is organising the trade unions of the big "key" industries (steel workers have just joined him) on an "industrial" basis. This means that every man in the motor or steel industry, from doorman to skilled operator of the big ten-chain rolling mills, will come out on strike when Lewis calls them. Not only that; instead of merely one steel plant being affected—and the steel employers able to send orders to be completed in other plants—all the plants in steel will find their workers on strike. This is Lewis's intention, as expressed to me by that fighting Labour leader himself last January in Washington.

"And until Lewis gets that type of union organised," said William Long to me, the fighting Irishman who led the 1933-34 Weirton steel strike, "I'll never lead another strike."

John L. Lewis is the Stalin of American Labour—he believes in direct action. President Green of the American Federation of Labour is its Kerensky. In this present Presidential election campaign Lewis, backed by the Roosevelt forces, may make another effort to make Big Business give American Labour the right to recognition accorded to it by Roosevelt under the now-repealed Section 7-A. Anxious, in fact frantic, to capture the Labour vote, the Republican Party politicians cannot (before the elections) back up Big Business against Labour.

If there are strikes this summer in the United States these things should be realised. Labour is fighting for something that Roosevelt has already given it. The sympathies of the Government will be on the side of the strikers. Big Business, temporarily deserted by the Republican Party in its refusal to recognise organised Labour, will have to fight Labour without the political backing which has kept American workers thirty years behind the English trade unions.

The chief weapon which the big American industrialists are using, or trying to use, against the American Federation of Labour unions is the "company union." This is a body, confined to each individual plant, composed of company officials and workers' delegates. It is supposed to represent the workers in bargaining with the employers.

"But it doesn't pay us strike-pay when we go out on strike. When we strike we are no longer members of the company union. So," was the invariable reply I had from workers all over the U.S., "when you ask me when is a union *not* a union, I say—when it's a company union!" NEGLEY FARSON

A LONDON DIARY

I WAS intrigued the other night to hear the present phase of British foreign policy compared to the period when Queen Elizabeth insisted on keeping England out of trouble while she built up the navy which eventually defeated the Armada. The parallel is clearly not very exact, but it served to illustrate the defence of British policy that was being advanced by X, a friend of mine who is a foreign expert and closely in touch with the Foreign Office. X is not an isolationist in the Beaverbrook sense, because he is passionately anti-Nazi as well as anti-Russian and eloquent about the paramount importance of our military alliance with France which is now, I understand, closer than it was before the last war. The details about the Expeditionary Force and all the rest of it have been fully worked out since Hitler's reoccupation of the Rhineland. X is sure that Germany is the enemy: he thinks nothing of Italy and regards the revolutionary influence of Moscow as negligible in comparison with the now immense disruptive force of Nazi propaganda, espionage and intrigue. His solution, if you can call it one, is simply to rearm as fast as possible in the closest collaboration with France. During the next year or two, while we build up our armaments in preparation for *Der Tag*, we must at all costs avoid any trouble. He welcomes humiliation and loss of prestige because it will teach foreigners not to expect too much from us. He takes Sir Samuel Hoare's view of the Spanish civil war.

* * *

My principal questions were these: Why should we be comparatively stronger after a further period of competitive rearmament? I could get no clear reply except that we started arming late and so have more lee-way to make up—as if Hitler would allow us to catch up! (To the point that "the bomber will always get through" and society break down in the next war anyway, no reply was even attempted.) Secondly, I said that if Spain is conquered by Fascists, France is likely to have a civil war too, and even if she avoids that, will have three hostile frontiers to guard, so that she will in any case be greatly weakened as an ally and vulnerable too from a frontier which we cannot help her to defend. Clearly, if our frontier is on the Rhine, it is also on the Mediterranean. To this X replied that France would be forced to make herself all the stronger, which would be an advantage. British and French influence would be sufficiently powerful to prevent Franco carrying out his promise to give the Balearic Islands to Italy and to establish the Germans and Italy on both sides of the Straits of Gibraltar. But he admitted that the Mediterranean might no longer be safe for British ships in time of war. And then he advanced this extraordinary proposition. It would do no harm, he said, for our merchant ships to have to go to the East round the Cape, while with no trade to protect in the Mediterranean our Navy would be able to dominate it! I should scarcely have expected to hear this argument put forward seriously, but so it was. A fair analogy, as someone remarked, would be to move the British population out of the danger of German bombs by transporting them to Australia and then to say that Britain would be all right because the army could protect our country! To such a pass has British imperialism in retreat been reduced. What is obvious to me is that the Committee of Imperial Defence is either preparing for a war in which we stand no chance at all, or is determined in no circumstances to fight Germany. Imagine the British position in 1914 if London had been vulnerable from the air, the Mediterranean had been in enemy hands, America had refused (as she now must legally do) to sell us anything or lend us money or help, and Germany had had a submarine base (as she probably will have off the Canary Islands) on the Atlantic seaboard. We could have saved the Empire (as well as peace) if we had cared to use the League in the Manchurian, the Abyssinian, and Spanish wars. But if Franco is allowed to win now, the position is strategically preposterous. I am not surprised that some of our rulers are frantically anxious to propitiate Germany, and that the Lansbury-Sheppard war resistance seems to many people to offer a death preferable to the one that is being prepared for them by our rulers and thinkers.

* * *

A solemn, expensive book has recently been published in Dresden with the title of *Anti-Semitismus in Wort und Bild.* It is edited by Professor Theodor Pugel, assisted by three other learned gentlemen. It is dedicated to "that tireless fighter against Jewry, Julius Streicher." A few illustrations will be enough to show what ghastly drivel can now be produced by once scholarly Germany. The first extract comes from a preliminary chapter on the history of the Jews:

> After Vespasian and Titus drove the Jews from Palestine . . . "A great herd of the most obstinate Jews were sent to the four hundred most distant rock-islands (*sic*) on the west coast of Scotland. The chief of these islands is called Lewis (pronounced Levis in German); the whole group is called Hebrides. . . . One need only recollect the avarice of the Scottish, their costume similar to that of the ancient Jews, and the Scottish clan system. . . ."

Having thus conclusively established that Scotsmen are Jews, the next section complains that Charlemagne was Jewish in appearance (a suitable illustration is provided) and habits (e.g., polygamy) and it is implied that this provides a clue to his internationalism and to his butchery of so many Saxons. (Owing to the Saxon wars Charlemagne is in great disgrace with Nazi historians altogether.)

Then comes a chapter on anti-semitism in England which explains that from 1290 to Cromwell England was a glorious, because Jewless, country. Then:

> Jewish cosmopolitanism and English world power seem to account for the practical identification of these two conceptions in the last third of the nineteenth century. That the Germanic Viking spirit could thus be merged with the trader-mentality of the Jews shows how gravely a bold Germanic seafaring people can be diverted from its mission in the world as an Aryan-Christian *Kultur* nation by co-operating with Jewry.
>
> In the World War the centuries-old alliance between Albion and Juda became an identification of these two World Powers, and it remained for the English—a Germanic—people, in the crisis of the World War against the brother nation of the Germans, to bring World Jewry on to the English side by the solemn promise—given by the English Foreign Minister, Balfour, in a letter to the English Lord Rothschild on November 2nd, 1917—to establish a Jewish State.
>
> This execrable treatment of one Germanic nation by another deserves to be classed with the black insult offered by the French on the Rhine. Both things constituted the most shameful betrayal of Germanic blood and of the Aryan race.

Of the French Revolution of 1789 the book says:

> The sub-racial French Revolution, the product of the racially putrid human drain which is southern France, was at hand for Juda. The rakish Mirabeau spoke for the Jews in the National Assembly. . . . Thousands of the nordic-aryan upper caste were executed by the bloodthirsty Jacobins led by Jews. A blonde head was enough to be dragged to the guillotine. The Jews were indulgently treated.

This is not exceptional, it is typical of contemporary German publications.

* * *

A correspondent who attended the Festival of Spoken Poetry at Oxford writes: "The speaking of poetry, that fitting accompaniment to the making of it, has long been neglected in this country. Perhaps the Puritan tradition has had something to do with this, or maybe our characteristic English shyness of rhetoric and gesture. It is a pity, for poetry has suffered. It has become a sort of poor relation whom we meet privately. How different from its position in France, or in Russia. I recently heard three Russian poets, entertained by the Russian Embassy, who came over here to speak their verse to a number of English poets. And what a revelation it was; an art as perfect as the Russian ballet; every syllable a considered production. No wonder that poetry is so popular in Russia. The sales of one of those three poets are two and a half million! A modern English poet to-day has to make his reputation on a few hundred copies. I know that one of the youngest poets here, much talked about and represented in all the intelligent journals and even broadcast, had a sale of eighty-one copies of his first book.

But that bad state of affairs is passing. Verse-speaking is reviving, as one would realise had one been at the Festival of Spoken Poetry held in Oxford two weeks ago. Organised by three of our poets who believe that verse is music to be heard rather than print to be read, the festival sifted out from some four hundred speakers and thirty choral groups sufficient talent to prove that a tradition is being re-established, and that the dreadful Victorian "elocution" has at last been exterminated. The best of those speakers, thus encouraged, will go with their pupils elsewhere. I hear that some of them have already been approached by the B.B.C., who sent a representative to the Festival, and that the broadcasting of poetry will soon be something more than the Cinderella of the Radio.

* * *

The difficulty of getting true news from Spain is well illustrated by two photographs that appeared in last Sunday's *Dispatch* and *Chronicle.* They are almost identical—obviously taken within a few seconds of each other. They show the surrender of a party of Spaniards on a desolate hillside. All the figures in the two pictures—the dead men on the ground, the disarmed men with their hands above their heads, their guards with levelled rifles and revolvers surrounding them, are exactly the same in both pictures. The only difference is that the *Sunday Dispatch* says that the captured men are rebel irregulars, shepherded by national troops, while the *Sunday Chronicle* says that they are Government defenders surrendering to insurgent troops.

* * *

The other day a man was sent to prison for a month for striking a cat which had invaded his garden and leaving it in pain. Let us suppose that he had been a game preserving landowner. If he or his gamekeeper had caught that cat in his steel trap, and it had spent twenty-four hours in agony with one or perhaps more of its legs broken he would have gone unpunished. There is nothing in which the law is more unequal than in its treatment of cruelty to animals. Any cruelty that belongs to the field sports of the rich is above the law. You may ill-treat deer, hares, foxes or otters as much as you like if you call it sport, and in order to protect your sport you may ill-treat cats and dogs as much as you like by the use of cruel traps. The remark of a labourer the other day watching a stag mauled by hounds, "It's gentleman's sport, so it will not be stopped," is a significant reflection on the survival of this form of feudalism.

* * *

From a new review called *The Poet :*

> It remains only to say that the poet may be best known by his conversational powers. . . .

Not, oddly enough, by his poetry!

* * *

A correspondent informs me that in Sanskrit the word for war means "we want cows." CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to Mr. P. A. Collier.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Mr. Alfred Dennis, J.P., will celebrate his 97th birthday next week by retiring from business. He has been in the drapery business of Dennis and Company, Weymouth, since 1863. When he was 94 he resigned from the chairmanship of the Weymouth Bench owing to defective hearing. But he said to-day that after he had retired from business he intended to return to the Bench.—*Evening News.*

This afternoon, under the usual summer sky, the players kick off. To many of the onlookers summer is just a prosaic interval between two football seasons—and to-day life begins anew.—*Daily Mail.*

In these days of international stress it is a relief to hear of the formation, under distinguished patronage, of a vital society called the Fellowship of Faithful Friends. The "F.F.F.," as it is to be called for short, qualifies the extent of its friendship with four more "F.'s"—"four-footed, furry and feathered." The founders maintain that in our treatment of animals lies the vital factor in eliminating war and lessening unemployment, hence they propose to organise "dog parties, cat parties, bird parties, monkey parties (if enough) and odd pet parties."—*Evening Standard.*

When our Sovereign was born he was given, among many qualities, the rare boon of youth.—*Sunday Times.*

Frankly, I have never regarded polo as a pastime at all likely to attract any but the well-to-do.—*Star.*

A committee of investigation to consider complaints of "giddy" conduct on Sundays at Severn Beach, a resort near Bristol, was appointed by the Thornbury Rural District Council yesterday. The committee, which numbers seven, will pay a secret visit to the beach on a secret date, and secretly watch the conduct of visitors.—*Eastern Daily Press.*

Sir James Irvine, the Principal of St. Andrew's University, in his address at the June graduation ceremony said: "Surely it is not vain to hope that some day the machinery of government will include, as a matter of course, a Ministry of Knowledge, whose function, to put it in the briefest possible way, is to look ahead." We may add the hope that when such a Ministry is constituted only qualified astrologers will be regarded as eligible to fill the post.—*Modern Astrology.*

We would not by any means say that all Roman Catholics are liars.—Rev. G. K. White in *Churchman's Magazine.*

The work of "rescue circles"—helping unenlightened spirits to realise that they are "dead"—is regarded by many Spiritualists as one of the most important activities undertaken in connection with our movement.—*Psychic News.*

I myself was for half an hour in direct line of fire without cover, and although bullets whistled over and around me at no time did I feel in danger.—War Correspondent of *Daily Sketch.*

Allow me to remind some of your letter-writers that, according to astrologic theory, war and other events are determined by the radiation of solar and cosmic rays which reach our planet directly, and indirectly (as polarised energy) via the planets and the moon. Therefore, if the world desires peace the scientist should turn his attention to the cause of war, so that its tragic effect in the future may be eliminated, if possible, which is extremely doubtful!—Letter in *Liverpool Daily Post.*

RAINBOW-CHASING

I SEE that a lady who describes herself as "The Volcano of Peace" and "The Mighty Atom of International Order" has come from America to Europe as a representative of the United Mothers of the World to attend the World Peace Conference at Brussels. As her titles suggest, she has not come to the conference as a mere looker-on. She is not only the representative of the United Mothers of the World, but leader of the Rainbow Movement for World Peace, and she has a plan—an "absolutely sure-fire scheme"—for saving humanity from disaster. Her notion is that the world should be governed by a tribunal of geniuses. "The plan," she declares, "will prove it possible to fuse all peoples scientifically, economically, artistically and religiously." If the geniuses object to carrying out her plan, this will not dismay her. "If necessary," she says, "the united women of the world will conscript the geniuses to serve as governors." She has already drawn up a list of geniuses fit for the job, including, it is reported, Mr. Peter Arno.

On one point, at least, most of us would agree. The world —or a large part of it—is at present governed by the wrong men. It may be that it has always been governed by the wrong men. History would undoubtedly have had a different plot if the plan of the Volcano of Peace had been adopted two or three thousand years ago. The names of nearly all the kings, emperors, presidents and prime ministers known to us would be absent from it, for genius is one of the rarest qualities to be found in a ruler. In the Roman Empire even madmen and imbeciles were thought fit to rule, and the tradition of allowing madmen to rule still persists in some parts of Europe. Why human beings ever consented to be governed by some of these mindless men and did not choose geniuses to rule them instead is a mystery. Perhaps the reason was that it is very difficult to know whether a man is a genius or not till he is dead.

Apart from this, the world has always been a little suspicious of genius. If some of the Roman Emperors were mad, it is convinced that men of genius are in many cases even madder. What American of the middle of last century would have felt at ease under the Presidency of Edgar Allan Poe? Would Elizabethan England have been enthusiastic if Christopher Marlowe had taken the throne from Queen Elizabeth? Even the most poetic Frenchman of the 'nineties, I imagine, felt more secure under the dullest of his premiers than he would have felt if Paul Verlaine had been in power. I myself, I confess, have little faith in genius. The world is at present richly provided with men of genius, and, when it comes to politics, they seem to talk much the same nonsense as everybody else. Men of genius defend Fascism, Communism, and every other "ism" like their neighbours. Rudyard Kipling was a man of genius, but politically he had no more wisdom than Bonar Law or Lord Carson. Milton was a man of genius, but he was unable to govern his own household, and therefore unlikely to be able to govern a nation. Has there been a single man of genius in the history of the world who, if he had been in supreme power, would have immensely increased the happiness of mankind? I am not sure.

Very few people, looking for a political leader to-day, would turn with any confidence to a man of genius. Mr. Shaw is a politician as well as a man of genius, but even his most ardent admirers would be aghast at the prospect of his becoming Prime Minister. The same is true of Mr. Wells, Mr. Epstein and Mr. Augustus John. The fact that a man can write or paint or that he is a great sculptor is no evidence that he would be a great statesman. There was an eminent professor in the nineteenth century who held that genius is a quality which can exercise itself in any sphere it chooses—that a great poet, for example, has in him the potentialities of a great soldier, a great business man, or a great statesman—and evidently the American lady agrees with him. There is, unfortunately, no proof of this theory. Gibbon was a great historian, but he cut no great figure in the House of Commons.

Still, things are in such a mess just now that it might be worth while to allow the American lady to put her plan into operation. It would at least be amusing to see our men of genius settling down to the task of fusing all peoples "scientifically, economically, artistically and religiously." The religious fusion of Stalin and the Pope, I fancy, would take some doing. I am myself a believer in reconciliation, but I despair of seeing the Plymouth Brother and the Rationalist worshipping under the same roof during my lifetime. As for fusing all peoples artistically, that will be as difficult. Will the tribunal of geniuses be given power to compel us to admire the writers and artists whom they admire themselves? I have no great desire to live under a government which forces me, whether I like it or not, to reverence, or even to read, Proust. I should rather object even to being compelled to say I like Shakespeare. Yet, without such compulsion, how can all peoples be fused artistically to a greater degree than they are already? I trust that, when the American lady tries to conscribe them for her tribunal, the men of genius will revolt. It will be a bad day for the world when Mr. Charles Chaplin turns into a literary Mussolini, or Mr. David Low into an artistic Hitler.

Men of genius, fortunately, are as a rule much too clever to wish to be dictators. If there were a conscription of genius for the American lady's tribunal to-morrow, nine out of ten men of genius would go into hiding. Mr. de la Mare, I am sure, would be miserable if he were dragged away from his poetry to be a dictator with the job of fusing all the peoples of the world either economically or artistically. Mr. James Joyce is happier among his linguistic experiments than he would be if the American lady sent him over to Ireland to oust Mr. de Valera. Massine, unless I am mistaken, would be horrified if it were proposed that he should become Stalin's successor. Mr. Harold Lloyd makes an excellent dictator on the films, but it is improbable that he has any ambition to take over President Roosevelt's job.

Apart from this, it is just possible that what the world is suffering from at the present moment is the seizure of power by men of genius. Books have been written to prove that Mussolini and Hitler are nonentities—men of poor character and few abilities. At times I should like to believe this, but I cannot help thinking that each of them is a man of genius, and that it would be lucky for the world if he weren't. It is the men of genius who have done most of the damage throughout history—at least, the men of genius who have also been men of action. I have no doubt that Attila was a man of genius. Most of the great conquerors have been men of genius and they have made the world an extremely uncomfortable place for more commonplace men to live in. Happy is the country in which men of genius stick to the arts and sciences and have no political ambitions. How fortunate for England during the nineteenth century to have had so many ordinary men as Prime Ministers! Disraeli was, no doubt, a genius, but he was not a great enough genius to do very much harm. The dangerous thing about genius is that it wants its own way, and the ideal Prime Minister, it seems to me, is a man like Sir Robert Peel, who does not care very much whether he gets his own way or not, and is always ready to do what people want him to do at a crisis. A man of genius wants to be a Leader: the sort of statesman I like is half-leader and half-follower.

Hence I hope the United Mothers of the World will pause before finally deciding on the conscription of men of genius for their dictatorial tribunal. They could probably govern the world just as well themselves. Theoretically one would imagine that what the world needs most for the solution of its problems is brains, but the world is already full of brains—brains devoted to politics, economics, and all the rest of it—and the problems nevertheless remain unsolved. In point of fact, the brains keep continually arguing with each other. Clever men are as likely to disagree among themselves as stupid men. If it were not so, we could have world peace and a comparatively just social system within three months' time. Even the stupid people could bring this about if they could only agree. But, for some reason or other, they don't. And I doubt whether even the Volcano of Peace—the Mighty Atom of International Order—will be able to persuade them to have a little common sense.

Y. Y.

POLITICS AND WITCHCRAFT

This year is the bicentenary of an event which may come to be regarded as one of the three or four most significant events in the history of the race. Two hundred years ago the laws against witchcraft were formally repealed. This was perhaps the first result in the Christian era of the impact of science on social behaviour. It marked—what has happened with the utmost rarity in the history of our unfortunate species—the rise of a new idea of causality, a new idea of the way things happen.

The explanation which has had the longest innings and, until perhaps quite recently, has at any one time been believed by the greatest number of the inhabitants of the world, is that all occurrences happened as a direct result of someone wishing them to happen. Occasionally there intervened between the wish and the event a certain ritual, maybe the enunciation merely of a word, as "Abracadabra." Much of this ritual grew not only more and more elaborate, but more and more adapted to reality. Some of it disappeared with the belief that the wish could be fulfilled. Out of the former has evolved modern science. An example of the belief that we could get our way just by wishing was the belief in witchcraft.

What was witchcraft in the eyes of those who believed in it? In law witchcraft was "to have converse with the Devil" whether for good or evil; but in fact the essence of witchcraft was the belief in the power of hatred and the desire to do harm. The essence of witchcraft was this "*maleficium*."

> Witch-trials are not prompted by theological hair-splitting [writes an American scholar, Prof. Kittredge], by systems of devil lore, by the text "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." *These all come after the fact.* It is self-protection that incites the accuser. His cause is fear—and fear of bodily harm. The witch is a murderer, or may become a murderer on the slightest provocation. She cannot be spared, for there is no safety for life, body or estate until she is sent out of the world.

It is from the domination of at least this method of conscious thought that we were freed in the eighteenth century.

Has the change been as great over the whole field of thought and behaviour? The conqueror, as Prof. Margaret Murray points out in her *Witch Cult in Western Europe*, always regards the conquered as superior in evil magic. Can anyone now be found who would claim the validity of such a belief?

Immediately the Germans had been defeated in 1918 certain newspapers daily reiterated the assertion, "The Huns will cheat you yet." The fatalistic quality of the belief, coming from quarters which had never lost faith in an English victory, is noteworthy. No evidence was offered to show why the Germans had suddenly become so potent, or why we were suddenly so weak in face of them. Nor was it necessary. The assertion succeeded by its suitability to the contemporary psychological situation.

In 1918 it was not compatible with the conscience of the victors to burn Germans. Nevertheless, fear of their cunning provided us with the emotional justification for a peace from which we are now suffering. Moreover, the cry of the Germans for mercy, like that of the witches, itself became evidence of their guilty cunning. The German plea after the war was ended, that the British blockade should be lifted, became to a large section of the press and the public a "Hun food snivel." A protesting minority was attacked as "pro-German," i.e., friends of the Devil. Nothing but subsequent events has sufficed to teach us that the most cunning of "Huns" could not have devised a better rational and psychological justification which a German Government could present to its people for the rearmament of Germany. The final horror of war is now upon us—the realisation that none of us is fit to be trusted with victory.

The dangerous quality of witches was often thought to be inherited. Hence the children of those thought to be witches often had to be killed for the safety of the community.

Belief in contemporary Germany that the dangerous quality ascribed to Jews is transmitted to their children, who must therefore in school be separated from other children, belief in the extraordinary power which so small a proportion as the one per cent. Jewish population in Germany is accused of possessing, bears a striking resemblance to the dangerous powers ascribed to witches.

Suppose that all who were adult in 1918 had received effectively, as part of their education and social inheritance, the belief that "the conqueror always tends to ascribe to the conquered a peculiar potency for evil and cunning." Should we have been quite so willing to see as a cunning "Hun food snivel" a plea for food, which, as Professor Starling's report showed, was too terribly justified. This example points the principle. The refutation of a myth is not enough. There was no evidence that the German plea was false. That we had so frequently boasted that the blockade would bring Germany to her knees was a reason for our believing it to be true. A myth does not lose its power until the dynamics of the myth-*making* are perfectly familiar to us. Reveal the priest who wags the idol's head and the wisest answer is unheeded. Teach a man to distrust the evidence of his own eyes and the magician becomes the drawing-room conjurer. That is what the conjurer is—the shrivelled relic of a man who once held in his power the human mind.

The dynamics of myth-making cover the mechanisms of credulity and deception. When we become familiar with the political, economic and psychological motivation of those who wish to gull us, and of the same factors in ourselves that reach half-way to meet their gulling, the myth-makers will have lost their power. The answer to those who try to incite us is not, "What you say is untrue," but "Aha, I can tell you why you say that."

In 1919 one hundred M.P.s, probably all of them unaware of the emotions which beset a conqueror, or of the intellectual processes in which these clothe themselves, responded to the fear that Mr. Lloyd George was "going to let the Hun off," and sent him publicly a warning telegram. No one had warned these M.P.s, or the population behind them, of the emotions they would feel on victory, as they had been warned of the emotions they would feel in the trenches. There was no one to warn them. The tribal gods themselves were ignorant. Then there began what *was* a witch-hunt. M.P.s and public men were smelt out. Were they, or were they not, in favour of "letting the Hun off"? Everyone was suspect. The hostile magic might be at work on any public man. You could not tell. They must all be questioned, they must all be tested . . . thrown into the water to see if they floated. Note the element of fatalism and hopelessness, such as one would expect to find in face of evil magically potent, at the quality of our own side once they came into contact in Paris with the magic of the enemy. Mr. Lloyd George, of all people in the world—the advocate of the knock-out blow, of "Hang the Kaiser," the little wizard, so slippery and cunning—meets the Hun, and is at once enfeebled.

Mr. Lloyd George was indeed helpless, but not in face of the Hun. "You get the people at home to behave sensibly," he is said to have remarked privately, "and I will behave sensibly here." Mr. Lloyd George seems to have been quite unaware of the nature of the psychological forces he was up against. This, I think, accounts for his failure. He tries two methods. He denies, *not the magic of the defeated enemy*, but that he is in any way weakening in face of it.

But he does not attack the myth itself. To him, too, the myth is sacred, tabu. He does not say, "You have just defeated the Germans in war. Ask yourselves, why are you frightened of them in peace?" and follow it up by telling people why they felt and behaved and believed as they did. He cannot. Mr. Lloyd George was unable to bring to his aid one tremendous force. He could not use the great influence of appealing to the early axioms of forgotten education. A man who had never heard of sea-sickness might, at his first experience, surrender to the fear of death. But here there were no prototypic experiences, acquired even through books, to act as a drag on the emotions. And Mr. Lloyd George, though he more than half knew the myth was false, had no idea why it was there, and what were the vital forces which kept it alive.

How shall we escape from the dynamic credulity which binds us to the witch-burners and the believers in magic? One thing is clear. Our susceptibility to myths is a world danger. Because the application of science to human behaviour has come so late the myth is regarded as less dangerous than the bacillus. It is doubtful whether such a belief is justified.

It is Herr Hitler who has pointed the way, and perhaps provided the opportunity, in his proposals for twenty-five years' peace:

> "Germany and France shall pledge themselves to see that in the education of the young people as well as in publications everything is avoided which might be calculated to poison the relations between the two peoples; whether it be the adoption of a derogatory or contemptuous attitude, or the improper interference in the internal affairs of the other country."

The purpose is clear. Germany proposes the demilitarisation of the lie. Hitler's proposal is in effect for an agreed abstention from incitement to hate. This, I suggest, is the wrong end of the stick.

An international agreement to abstain from myth-making (this term more closely describes the process than does incitement to hate, since myth-making about the proposed victim of hate is the essential mechanism and prerequisite of incitement) would be most laudable. But more laudable would be international agreement to raise the threshold of gullibility. The former, unfortunately, is a reversible process. The latter much less so. Nothing would be more hopeful than a suggestion from one of the rulers of Europe so to treat the young as to make them *immune* to bamboozlement and incitement. And why not, too, the adults? Or are they hopeless? To propose to leave off inciting populations to hate, while retaining the power to bamboozle them, is as if it were proposed that all arms should be kept in arsenals, instead of being destroyed. Each country would, of course, have the right to be responsible for the destruction of its own myths. Nevertheless, I am sure this country would welcome the aid of German Aryan scholars in compiling a much-needed picture, drawn strictly from contemporary sources—a sort of Golden Bough—of "What the English of 1914–20 believed about the Germans"; "What your Grandparents believed about the Boers"; "The English Beliefs of 1854 about the Russians"; "English Myths of Napoleon, of Revolutionary France (with special reference to Burke), of Revolutionary America (also with special reference to Burke), of Catholics, Protestants, Quakers and of Witches." Our own energies could meanwhile be devoted to activities more in keeping with the national character.

A great Academic Foundation by means of its grant-making power has focused the attention of workers all over the world on the problem of hook-worm. The problem of myth-making—one of the avenues approaching the problems of aggression and persecution—is certainly not less urgent. Till the nineteenth century susceptibility to physical disease was a greater danger than our myth-making disposition. Much of the thought that influences the direction of scientific research is based on the assumption that it is still so. The assumption needs critical re-examination. It may no longer be true. Will not one of those Academic Foundations, which have before now acted as the cutting edge of progress, make it a guiding policy to focus the attention of workers everywhere on all aspects of this problem of myth-making? Of the new knowledge, which we might expect, some may question the use. Does the man in the street, they will ask, read technical papers or books? No. But new ideas percolate, not immediately, but after an interval. So much the more urgent is our need. To-day the interval is becoming shorter. " Madmen in authority who hear voices in the air are distilling their frenzy from some academic scribbler of a few years back."

The competitive efforts of those who live by the popularisation of thought—the middlemen of discovery—are quickening the spread of ideas. Darwin changed the belief of the world. His books sold but a few thousand copies.

GEOFFREY PYKE

Correspondence

THE SOVIET PURGE

SIR,—I note, with some dismay, that your comments on the Soviet treason case assume—in line with the major portion of the British press—the culpability of the Soviet Government.

" The trial," you write, " if one may trust the available reports, was wholly unconvincing." And, again, " the evidence consisted solely of confessions worthless in the circumstances."

Presumably these comments were penned before the cable from Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., M.P., became " available." Mr. Pritt, who attended every sitting of the Moscow court, cabled to the *News-Chronicle* on August 26th: " I am completely satisfied that the case was properly conducted and that the accused were fairly and judicially treated."

As against the widespread allegation of the press that the defendants were not allowed the assistance of counsel, Mr. Pritt states: " They voluntarily renounced counsel. They addressed the court as freely and as often as they wished."

But an even more impressive statement has been made earlier by the Moscow Correspondent of the *Observer*, a journal which no one will suspect of Communist sympathies. A long report of the trial published by the *Observer* on August 23rd, concluded with this categorical declaration:

> " It is futile to think the trial was staged and the charges trumped up. The Government's case against the defendants is genuine."

You will, I am sure, agree that such statements—from observers on the spot—deserve to be set on record as an offset to the hysterical screaming of the official Labour daily, about " judicial methods worthy of Tsarism," etc. (*Daily Herald*, August 25th).

The *Herald* with ill-concealed alarm at the growing enthusiasm displayed here for the suggested Popular Front, has lent itself to a campaign of virulent sensationalism unequalled even by the Rothermere press. Hitler's newspapers, during the last few days, have scarcely vented their anti-Soviet malice more spleenfully! And all this with the avowed intent to sabotage, if possible the affiliation of Communists with Labour, and so defeat the creation of the only effective weapon which, in this country as in France, can be utilised to fight Fascism!

Such considerations apart, the fact remains that there is no sounder basis in the present case than there was in the " Metro-Vickers " trial for imputing judicial shortcomings to the Soviet legal administration. Many will agree, I fancy, with the view expressed by Mr. A. J. Cummings, who finds both the evidence and the confessions " so circumstantial " that it is difficult to reject them. And, also, with Mr. Cummings when he writes:

> " I am inclined to think that one of the strongest reasons for bringing the Trotsky conspiracy once more into the open was the discovery of the extent to which agents of Gestapo (or Nazi Secret Police) were involved." (*News-Chronicle*, August 25th).

If this view be correct—and a growing mass of evidence, both direct and circumstantial, supports it—then we have no option but to endorse the view of the *Observer* Moscow Correspondent that the Soviet Government have brought a genuine case.

To adopt this view does not preclude us from deploring the exaction of the death penalty. But it does evoke serious reflection upon the ethics and objectives of a press which (as in the " Metro-Vickers " case) intervenes, without waiting for the facts, to work up anti-Soviet prejudice. A State which, to all except its admitted enemies, is conspicuous for its relentless efforts to establish both internal justice and external peace surely deserves better treatment than this—from Britishers! VICTOR MOODY

Free Christian Church,
Horsham.

SIR,—While such a newspaper as the *Observer*, which has never shown any great love for the U.S.S.R. or for Socialist ideas, writes that " it is futile to think the trial was staged and the charges trumped up. The Government's case against the defendants is genuine," and while this view is supported by Mr. D. N. Pritt, K.C., a Socialist and a lawyer who was in Moscow during the trial, I am surprised to read in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION that " the trial, if one may trust the available reports, was wholly unconvincing."

You go on to say that " it is hard to believe that all these orthodox Bolsheviks broke the first rule of the party by planning terrorism and assassination." But the very " orthodox Bolsheviks " who have been shot are men who, repeatedly in the past, have broken the rules of party discipline on a whole series of issues. You will perhaps not be aware of the fact that during the preparations for the October uprising, Lenin condemned Zinoviev and Kamenev as traitors and blacklegs and demanded their expulsion from the Party. Why? Because they broke a fundamental law of party discipline, and published a secret decision of the Central Committee—to which they were personally opposed—in the official government press. Zinoviev and Kamenev were not, as you say, simply " under a cloud since 1927 "—that is, since Stalin became leader of the party; but had been under a stormy sky ever since before the Soviets seized power.

Now what is the situation? It is this. A group of intellectuals who were drawn towards Bolshevism in its early stages, but who repeatedly found themselves in a minority position, and who then put their own personal grievances as something more important than Party discipline, this group has by degrees become completely discredited and deprived of any mass support. In living five years in the U.S.S.R. I have never met Russians who suggested that these people, and Rykov, Tomsky, Bukharin, and others of their ilk, were in any way better than the existing leadership. And as a rule, when speaking of these people, they would smirk, and suggest that the Party and the Government had given them posts that were, if anything, too good for them. Their position in the U.S.S.R. has been similar to that of Ramsay MacDonald in relation to the working class in this country.

But Ramsay MacDonald in this country, with its capitalist democracy, can still make a bid for the votes of representatives of other classes than the workers. His striving for power can still be satisfied along peaceful means—and Ramsay MacDonald, anyway, has never been a revolutionary. But Zinoviev, Kamenev and the others, had no possibility, once discredited in the U.S.S.R., of gaining mass support among any section of the people. The same self-love that led them to defy the Party in 1917, the desire for self-aggrandisement, and the rejection of Party discipline, forced them under Soviet conditions to use the only remaining means of possibly getting to power. This was the use of force. And these are people who had never rejected, but had accepted, the use of force as essential in political struggle all along.

I do not see what was unconvincing in the Moscow trial. Remember that in a Soviet court it is not customary for those whose guilt is clear to plead innocent, simply for the reason that in the U.S.S.R. juries are not swayed by oratorical speeches for the defence. Assuming that they were guilty, and they knew the case was proven against them on the basis of the information already available to the authorities, what could the defendants have done? (1) Denied the charges, and have been proved once more to be liars before the world. (2) Used the opportunity to attack the government—but they had no programme. (3) Say that their desire for personal power had led them to carry their long-standing opposition to drastic limits, even to the extent of coming into line with the agents of the Nazi Gestapo. This is what they *have* said, and as far as I can see, there is every reason to believe in its truth. P. A. SLOAN

22 St. Georges Mansions,
Red Lion Square, W.C.1.

ARMIES AND POLICEMEN

SIR,—Having disposed of the policeman and the individual criminal, I am invited by Mr. A. W. Gomme to extend the discussion through armed gangs and Fascist parades to civil war, in order, I suppose, to show inconsistencies in the attitude of pacifists. Were it not for considerations of your valuable space, I should be very ready to embark on this interesting theme.

I will, however, content myself with saying that the dividing line is not defined as Mr. Gomme suggests, by saying, " I may fight for a just cause in my own country, but not outside its borders," but by the following declaration: " Although supplied with perfect equipment I refuse at the order of any authority to fight against people with whom I have no quarrel, in an attempt to settle a governmental dispute which I know perfectly well cannot be settled in that way. But when my acknowledged friends are attacked in my presence by my declared enemies, I may not be able to restrain my passions and my temper sufficiently to prevent my taking up any weapon handy in their defence." It is a matter of temperament. I only speak for myself.

Cold blood can be governed by reason and intelligence. Hot blood may be difficult to govern at all. That is why there is a Government department solely occupied in wartime in making cold blood boil. PONSONBY

Haslemere.

SIR,—Mr. Gomme asks, with considerable justification, where the pacifist draws the line as to the use of force.

The constructive pacifist bases his argument upon the premises that non-violent tactics can be more powerful than violent ones, thus the former are the only correct and scientific methods of struggle. Mass murder as an instrument of political policy under any label is therefore inadmissible.

It will be obvious that strict and logical application of any ideal is not possible in the chaotic atmosphere of the present world. The pacifists, like others, have the difficult task of applying their particular principles to the best of their personal ability—and of compromising upon occasions.

We can and do draw one definite line in that we refuse to admit the desirability or practicability of either national armed defence or armed collective security as at present envisaged under the League of Nations. In other words, we disapprove of the training and arming of bodies of men for the definite purpose of carrying out mass (or even deliberate individual) murder, whether under the name of police or soldiers.

The majority of pacifists would admit the use of normal police work and many would probably tolerate the use of such weapons as tear gas and other forcible restraints not aiming at death or permanent injury. There are indeed many honest pacifists who have no illusions as to their personal reactions in the event of that frequently posed crisis of an attempt at rape upon their wives and sisters—and the degree in which they might or might not live up to the theory in which they believed and which they are propagating. It must be realised that it is possible for them, without any inconsistency, to refuse to assist or participate in any attempt to raise, train or encourage others in violent lethal tactics for hypothetical future cases. On the contrary they are training themselves and others to meet future attempts at violence by national or political organisations along the lines of non-violent tactics. The possibilities of such tactics may be gauged by the following statement from Lord Lloyd when he was Governor of Bombay in reference to Gandhi's activities :—

> He gave us a scare. His programme filled our jails. You can't go on arresting people for ever you know—not when there are 319,000,000 of them. And if they had taken his next step and refused to pay taxes, God knows where we would have been.

" Gandhi's was the most colossal experiment in history; and it came within an inch of succeeding." As against this I would suggest that the futility and entire lack of logic inherent in violent methods is well illustrated in the present situation in Spain. The continual use of violence which has permeated all sections of Spanish life for generations has terminated in a position where two opposing creeds are so placed that the violent extermination of one of them appears almost inevitable. Yet the victory now depends, not upon the relative value of those creeds, or relative justice of the opposing causes. The future fate of Spain and perhaps the whole future of European civilisation hangs upon the mere chances of war—upon the weather, a stroke of luck, or the personal efficiency of some unknown Spanish staff officer.

And yet our statesmen call the pacifist illogical!

Peace Pledge Union, PHILIP S. MUMFORD
96 Regent Street, W.1.

BRITISH FOREIGN POLICY

SIR,—The issue is not, as Mr. Keynes appears to believe, whether Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden sympathise with Hitler and Mussolini. British foreign policy is not determined by the academic question whether, other things remaining equal, democratic or Fascist methods are more pleasing to Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Eden. The methods employed in Germany and Italy, and advocated by Lord Rothermere for Britain, are doubtless very distasteful to them. But other things are not equal.

The fundamental issue has to do with the considerations which direct the *actions* of the British Government and not with the personal preferences of some of its members. If we may be allowed to apply to Governments the ordinary scientific principle of knowing an object by its works, we must come to the conclusion that the first concern of a capitalist Government, as the representative of the ruling class, is to preserve private property with all that this implies. In this it is catholic and missionary. To combat Bolshevism is its morality. Its second concern is the defence (which includes extension) of the interests of its own section of the ruling class against those of foreign capitalists. The second gives way whenever it conflicts with the first. Morality comes before patriotism. The prejudices of members of the Government on such matters as liberty or authoritarianism can be indulged only as long as they support, or at least do not interfere with, these principles.

As long as the struggle for democracy meant the emancipation of capitalism from the cloying fetters of pre-capitalistic legal forms, Britain was the champion of democracy. But to-day the struggle for democracy is unavoidably a part of the greater struggle for emancipation from the dead hand of monopolistic capitalism. Is it really any cause for surprise that British capitalism has changed sides? Must we really rack our brains to discover why the National Government was afraid to break the power of Italian Fascism by taking a strong stand on the Ethiopian question, and is now, aided by the timid inactivity of British labour leaders, doing all it can to secure a victory for the Spanish reaction?

We can imagine that Mr. Keynes, who appears to be both surprised and puzzled at the turn that events have taken, will dismiss these arguments as mere Marxist dogma. But it can be safely predicted that until Mr. Keynes recognises that class interests take preference over the supposed interests of the country as a whole in determining the policy of capitalist Governments, he will continue to be surprised at the incredible stupidity that must be attributed to the British Foreign Office by all who boggle at the Marxian approach.

To entrust increasing armaments to a capitalist Government is to ensure that they will ultimately be used either against Socialism for the benefit of capitalism as a whole or, if that issue can be shelved, in a struggle on behalf of its own against foreign capitalists. Mr. Baldwin's and Mr. Eden's fine feelings will go the way of Sir Samuel Hoare's fine speeches. It should occasion no surprise that a Socialist is not keen about such armaments.

In conclusion we should like to add that we write as economists who have the very highest admiration for Mr. Keynes' work in our field. We think he has done more than any other writer in our time towards laying bare one of the deepest contradictions in the capitalist economy, the coexistence of willing hands and empty mouths. But where economics abuts on the political sphere, one finds in Mr. Keynes the same hopelessly optimistic faith that everything can be put right without removing private property, the root of the monopolies and rigidities to which the economic troubles can be traced. It would be a pity if Mr. Keynes' progressive work in pure economic theory should lend authority to a political attitude which can only be described as reactionary and obscurantist.

2 Edenbridge Road, E.9. A. P. LERNER
PAUL M. SWEEZY

THE SPANISH REBELLION

SIR,—As anyone who knows something about Spain's political history and the Spanish character will vouch, the struggle in Spain has precious little to do with Fascism or Communism in the proper sense of those terms—I am not speaking for the moment of the international complications. What is at stake will be clear, I think, from the following revealing passages in one of the various letters of abuse with which I have recently been favoured. The correspondent who signs himself "Catholic Conservative" was objecting to my affirmation that the U.G.T. (General Union of Workers) as a body is no more "red" than the British Labour Party. He writes:

> The Church has been supreme in Spain for about 1,400 years, and sooner than surrender its supremacy to humanism, intellectualism, and other terrible "isms," it will see every human being in Spain put to the sword. Death rather than dishonour. Every Catholic in Britain is praying for the final rout of modernism in Catholic Spain. . . .

and, in another passage:

> The radical-socialist minority of Britain needs to be given a dose of the same medicine as shortly, please God, will be given to the Bolsheviks of the Asturias by the glorious Catholic Knights of Burgos. . . .

It may or may not be true that revolutionary workers' committees—alias "the mob"—have ousted the properly constituted non-Socialist Government from effective power. After all there's a war on! It remains true that responsibility for what is happening now and what may happen in the future lies with the promoters of the present criminal and treasonable rebellion, i.e., those forces that have never really accepted the Republic and the 1931 Constitution. W. HORSFALL CARTER

11 Woronzow Road, St. John's Wood, N.W.8.

GAD! SIR

SIR,—May I protest against your publication of Colonel Butler's letter in last week's THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION? I notice that other newspapers, with a cruel sense of humour, have copied this letter, which I feel sure must cause the Colonel's friends, and retired brother officers, unnecessary pain and embarrassment. Is it quite nice (to quote Colonel Butler) "to drag corpses out of the grave" for the amusement of your readers? After all, we should remember that Colonel Butler once fought as gallantly for the defence of our country as "the degenerates in Spain" are now fighting in defence of their country. "Noblesse oblige"—even in a Turkish Bath!

ARTHUR APPLIN, Captain,
Late Royal Air Force.

18 Addison Avenue,
Holland Park Avenue, W.11

STANDARDS OF LIVING IN GREAT BRITAIN AND THE U.S.S.R.

SIR,—Mr. H. G. Wood writes: "There is no reason to suppose that any benefit accruing to the workers in this country from economic imperialism is derived primarily from the abuses of the system." Mr. Wood may reconcile this as best he can with his earlier admission that "the workers have gained something through the abuses as well as through the legitimate and necessary features of the development known as economic imperialism." In this duel of Wood *v.* Wood a Marxist can afford to be neutral. The main point—and that which distinguishes Mr. Wood as an anti-Marxist—is his claim to draw a hard and fast line between "the legitimate and necessary features" and "the abuses" of economic imperialism. To the Marxist any such distinction is subjective and unreal. Imperialism is a fact involving various inevitable consequences. The "abuses" are as much a part of the system as the "legitimate and necessary features." That Mr. Wood should label the features of imperialism he likes as "legitimate and necessary," and those he dislikes as "abuses," illustrates the gulf which divides those who, like Marx, think of society realistically from those who think in terms of some ideal excogitated in their private study.

The state of the case as regards economic imperialism is, I suggest, this. In any struggle between capital and labour over wages or hours, capitalists are more likely to be intransigent if their whole income is derived from the business in which the dispute arises, than if that source is only one of many. The effect of British capitalists investing money in India, Africa and other countries where labour is cheap and docile has been, on the whole, to render them more squeezable by labour at home than if they had no such oversea investments. Conversely, the effect of labour pressure at home has been to stimulate oversea investment, and therefore economic imperialism. As usual in social development, each of the interacting phenomena is at once cause and effect. The poverty of the Indian peasantry did not originate with British imperialism; but the *fact* of that poverty enabled British capital invested in India to profit by low-paid labour; and that in turn increased the income of the British investing class; and that in turn enabled British labour to exact concessions which, but for Indian and other dividends, must have been fought tooth and nail by the capitalists concerned. Moreover, by increasing the taxable income of British capitalists, oversea investments have increased the fund available for social services.

I doubt if any Marxist would deny that "skill, training, organisation," etc., have done something to improve the position of those British workers who happen to possess those advantages. That is no reason why the indirect effects of the exploitation of backward peoples should be glossed over. It is an unpleasant fact, no doubt, that numbers of British workers should be indirectly beneficiaries of such exploitation. But—in spite of Mr. Wood's significant readiness to sling charges of "intellectual dishonesty" at his opponents—it is no part of Marxism to burke unpleasant facts. ARCHIBALD ROBERTSON

13 Laurel Road, S.W.20.

WORLD WAR IN 1937?

SIR,—With reference to the paragraph on page 279 in your issue of August 29th "a historian by profession" is satisfied "that the German General Staff deliberately chose August, 1914, for the last war."

On July 25th, 1914, the ordinary leave season for the Prussian Guard Corps commenced. The Colonel of the Königin Augusta Foot Guards went with his American wife to Paris and was just in time to get back into Germany, whilst the lady, unable to start at a moment's notice, eventually returned to Germany via Italy. A similar instance was that of my cousin, whose husband was a major in that regiment. The Chief of the Staff and his subordinate, who was head of the Intelligence Department, were also on leave in Germany doing a cure.

In the circumstances it is fantastic to allege that the German General Staff had previously planned the outbreak to occur a few days afterwards. Some time about the end of the war an English lady wrote a best-seller, in which she proved to the satisfaction of many that Frederick the Great had foreseen, and, as far as in him lay, prepared for war to break out in August, 1914.

The "historian by profession" should read, in von Siebert's copies of Benckendorff's pre-war despatches, the conversations between His Excellency and Sir Edward Grey. Siebert was a Secretary in the Russian Embassy, and the Soviet Government have also published Count Benckendorff's despatches. I have seen some of Sazonov's papers in the Soviet Foreign Office, as I am an interpreter in the Russian language.

Army and Navy Club,
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

W. H-H. WATERS,
Formerly Military Attaché at
St. Petersburg and Berlin.

CHARING CROSS

SIR,—In your editorial note on Charing Cross you characterise the proposal for the removal of the station to the south side as retrograde. May I submit that the adjective is the least appropriate you could have chosen, in view of the experience of other river-capitals? I will venture the statement that you could hardly find a group of city planners in Europe or America who would not be emphatic and unanimous on the main point.

The bend of the river between Westminster and Blackfriars makes the natural, and highly advantageous, site for a Union Southern terminus. This area cries aloud for clearance and an organic plan. It is covered for the most part with streets of small properties which are a dreadful waste of a valuable district. The dismal approach to the Hungerford footbridge is typical of the opportunities that were missed when Waterloo Station was rebuilt. A scheme comprising a complete modern railway station, with broad radial bridges and a river embankment, would make one of the finest pieces of design in Europe. It would create new values on a stupendous scale, and would transform the traffic between south and north and the West End.

For three-quarters of a century London has borne the intolerable cost and inconvenience of the old South-Eastern terminus in the Strand. It blocks an area which (with the Adelphi now at last being cleared) provides a superb opportunity for replanning in relation to the Thames and the south bank, an opportunity that cannot recur—unless London should be rising from the ruins of a great air-raid! S. K. RATCLIFFE

Princes Risborough.

[Ideally there would be one enormous terminus for all railway lines situated underground, and relieving the streets of all the inter-station traffic which aggravates their congestion. But to move a terminus farther from the centre of a city can only add to this congestion. Most travellers arriving at Charing Cross have business on the north side of the river, otherwise they would get out at London Bridge. Mr. Ratcliffe's comparison with "other river-capitals" is irrelevant because the business centre, the shopping centre and the pleasure centre of London, as well as eight of the nine stations needed by travellers in transit, are on the north side, and are likely to remain there until London is destroyed.—ED. *N.S. & N.*]

THE MODERN OEDIPUS

SIR,—It is evident from her review that Miss Rosamond Lehmann has failed to recognise my novel, *The Snare of the Fowler*, for what it is—a translation into terms of modern life of the *Oedipus* of Sophocles. At all crucial points I have followed my great original very closely, and this precisely is my justification for choosing so painful a theme. I agree with Miss Lehmann that my unfortunate Robert Cordwainer "simply could not have behaved more caddishly," and whether such moral judgments are applicable to a man deranged and on the point of suicide is a question I need not pursue here. Oedipus himself, at the moment of full revelation, did not behave very well by the standards of the Hampstead Garden Suburb. GERALD BULLETT

Harting, Sussex.

ENGLISH HOTELS

SIR,—I feel with Mr. Forster that it is better to talk about food until the bitter end, and since I appear to be in a minority of one, I propose to defend myself. Mr. Forster and Mr. Bell, like most people who write letters to newspapers, attempt to confuse the controversy by the muddle of undistributed middles. I did not say that "all English hotels are good" or that "all English food is good," but that "some English hotels are good" and "some English food is good," and further that I am forced by my experience to give a quantity to that "some" which convicts Mr. Mortimer of ignorance in his unfavourable comparison between English and French hotels. I do not see what contribution, mathematical or evidential, is given to this question by the fact, now known to us, that Mr. Bell's friends never lunch at English hotels, though it throws light on Mr. Bell's friends' psychology and on the reason why some people do not know that you can get delicious luncheons in many English hotels. As for Mr. Forster, I never said that you could not get very bad food in England. I have eaten a repulsive dinner in Dieppe and another in Draguignan, and a miserable luncheon in Dreux. And if Mr. Forster chooses to go to hotels with pitch-pine galleries on braes in a fog within sound of a sea, I do not think he will enjoy his food, whatever its "country of origin."

Monk's House, Rodmell, LEONARD WOOLF
Near Lewes, Sussex.

P.S.—Is Mr. Mortimer one of Mr. Bell's friends?

SIR,—May I put in a plea for the English hotels? Surely every nation gets the food it desires. What steps does the Englishman take to ensure good meals? Does he ever return the food uneaten, call for the chef, refuse to pay the bill or write a complaint in the visitors' book? So long as the fare fills he puts up with the bad cooking and lack of variety.

A few write to the press about the dreadful English food and the delicious French dishes. Do not they realise that, to the French, food is not only a necessity, but a pleasure to be cultivated and talked about? Whereas the Englishman considers it effeminate and not altogether good form to discuss the dish he is consuming.

The law of supply and demand governs most things and until the Englishman demands better and more varied food, efficiently cooked, hotel managers and wives will supply him with the meals he so thoroughly deserves. EDITH M. FORREST

1 Duke Street, Manchester Square, W.1.

Miscellany

OXFORD REVISITED

OXFORD seems now to be on the main road to somewhere. So I thought as I ground my gears and tittupped my car in a congested stream up High Street. This is worse than London, worse than Cambridge, I thought. These streets aren't really narrow: Mr. Belisha and his traffic lights should be doing better than this. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a little old dried-up man standing on the kerb with donnish abstracted look, waiting to cross. He didn't like the look of it any more than I did. I nearly bumped the car in front because I caught in his bewildered eye a reflection from deep, quiet waters of the mind. If you try to fit the dreaming-spire and lost-cause theme into this steel and petrol rhythm you cause a street accident. A young voice encouraged me soothingly: "It's not always as bad as this, you know. A lot of parents up to-day." Well, I was not a parent in that sense, but I didn't think they were as perturbing as all that. No, there was a turbulence, a jam, a hurry here which disquieted me. Too much uncontrolled momentum about. Having with great difficulty parked my car, I watched the eddying flood pass with dangerous skill through this channel of old grey stone. The college walls stood well back from the racket. A glimpse of old turf and new leaf through a gateway brought a shock of peace. But those walls no longer guarded it serenely. Thirty years ago their folded stones might have watched the world go burbling by, knowing that quiet would return. But this world, and the sky above, were threatening their mortar. I looked up—the Oxford University Air Squadron were at their exercises. But I was not to pursue that explosive train of thought. A female dashed at me and rattled her smile and her money-box in my face. I bought a flag.

We went to lunch with a poet, whose book was just coming out. Greats were a fortnight ahead of him: with luck he would manage a first. His room was large, dark, lofty, shabby, with piles of books and papers everywhere toppling in the crisis of scholarship. Twenty-five years ago, at Cambridge, I had been—was happy the word?—in many such rooms. I sat down in a mood of almost avuncular sentiment. But the poet's walls would have none of that. A fierce drawing of Lenin's head was pinned solitary above the fireplace; and I was admonished from another wall by a cartoon of the Cambridge Anti-War Society, horribly depicting a file of gowned figures having their witless heads sliced off into a garbage dump by a sergeant-major. The poet would have none of avuncular sentiment either. He, large, dark, lofty and shabby like his room, wearing his hair long and his necktie broad and red, sprawled under his portrait of Lenin and immediately plunged into a political discourse. A big, fair, sandalled girl with a vivid face sat on the floor watching him. The poet's face was in shadow so I watched the girl's as she watched his, and learned a lot about them both. The door kept on opening; young men came in to make arrangements and went out again. Their arrangements, being political, hardly interrupted the poet's discourse. He and the girl and they all spoke in soft, rushing, confident voices. In a few minutes the poet told us exactly why the Communists should now affiliate to the Labour Party. He illustrated his argument by what was happening in Oxford. Last Monday Mosley and his gang had held a meeting. There had been the usual shemozzle (the Isis posters outside were shouting Black Monday). The uncontrolled momentum theme abruptly reappeared. Steel chairs had been hurtling about that hall. For a minute or two it had looked really grim. One of the poet's pals, mistaking the helmet of a policeman for the hat of a blackshirt steward, had hit it good and hard and been jugged for it. (Twenty-five years ago, at Cambridge, we only did that on account of Guy Fawkes.) But the Oxford police were not so bad, not like some of those in South Wales.

The description of demonstrations, movements, groups, conferences and committees, took a wide sweep. I got lost in strange collocations of letters and a complicated geography. Is there any combination of letters which is not occupied by the title of a society of the Left, or any corner of rural England not booked for a rendezvous of the advanced?

I had another look at the Oxford scene. Possibly, some old josser like the one who had wanted to cross High Street was concocting questions in philosophy calculated to floor this young man. Was it or was it not the main business of this young man to answer that old josser's questions? In my time, among the tripos men, it definitely was. We and the old jossers who ferociously encouraged and floored us were of the same world. We might groan and gibe at "work," we might neglect it for midnight chatter, girls, or sport; but if we fooled around we fooled around an orbit with a focus of hard intellectual effort and excitement. We were of, not merely in, a place of learning. If we wore a red tie under our collar and the *New Age* (or even the new-born NEW STATESMAN) under our arm, these were no more than banners on the intellectual road to a reality we had not yet reached. For us, liberty was not yet in question; oppression a rumour; poverty a mess we would clear up sometime in the next street; revolution a word nicely embalmed in the pages of English history or an actuality in comic-opera places like Russia or South America; war a cry of the scaremonger. We talked a mighty lot of politics, but we knew nothing of how they worked.

Well, the poet was talking a mighty lot of politics, too, but he did know about them. He might also know about the question which his old josser would presently hand out to him—I thought from the quality of his talk that he probably would—and yet, if he did well in the Schools, it would be in absence of mind. That fierce chin and domed forehead above his mantelshelf had taken charge of him. It had shot him out of the orderly life of books into the disorderly life of political action. It had shoved his nose into the stink of poverty. Under its direction his eyes had met squarely the haggard eyes of out-of-work. He knew that politicians are not all men of principle, and statesmen not invariably either great or good. He had learned some of the deeds that won (and keep) the Empire, some of the neat, smiling tricks of the haves, some of the uncouth, unsmiling tricks of the have-nots. He had picked up some tricks himself and would pick up more. When he said struggle, he did not mean other people's struggle. He meant donkey work and manœuvring on committee, sweating up to Hyde Park or down to the Rhondda for demonstration, learning to speak, roughing it with toughs, getting his head under the fist of an infuriated Blackshirt.

As he murmured on I picked up his book. I like a line of poetry to consist of more than one word; I like it to begin with a capital letter, and to be punctuated. I was prepared for verse of the clanking dynamo and slagheap variety, and when I immediately found three nots and no commas in one line I thought I had got it. There was plenty of that; there were long strings of outlandish nouns hustling slowly to the end of a line just like the sports cars in High Street; there was a smashing affair in which, having viewed with disapproval the demeanour of the horse-faced bourgeoisie at the Jubilee, he had gone home and let them have it hot and strong. But there was something more. The scene in High Street fitted it well enough. Here was the same poetic jam, the same tittupping, the same power and speed, the same uneasy forward straining turbulence; and the energy was supplied by that dynamic head above the mantelpiece. Yet the power was contained; the old walls of poetry stood in the swirl of image and the crashing discord; there was a shock of peace through an old gateway as the stream swept by. I learned more about that when we went out after lunch and looked at the irises of a college garden. The sun, the wind, the golden meadows asked the poet a few questions. His colour survived this scrutiny well: he turned into a charming boy. He did not continue to analyse the political situation with his back to a bank of flowers; he looked at them and said nothing. He showed me the spiky back gate and said it was quite easy to get in after twelve. He said he wore his hair long because he looked so awful with it short. I could see him now; I liked him.

The poet and his red friends were not the only people I saw in Oxford. They had assured me that A was the only man worth knowing in X, and that as for Y and Z, as colleges they were complete washouts. There seemed on the contrary a lot of nice people in X, and I could not be brought to shudder at the benightedness of Y and Z. But if Oxford is not quite as red and not-red as it seems to its young Communists, its redness is the most interesting thing about it. As I drove back across the darkening Chilterns I worried at this impression. Perhaps innocence, or the lack of it, was the line of analysis. I was a blessed innocent at Cambridge. Even now when I go back there I loll and dream about the streets and feel as gay and confident as the young gowns that brush me as they swing by—until I catch sight of my grey hairs and know that I know what I know, and how long, and with what pain, it has taken me to gain that knowledge. But here, at Oxford, equality was reached the other way round. These youths are at my shoulder. They are conversant with the lies, the greed, the betrayal and cruelty which occupy the seats of the mighty. Have they really sidestepped my twenty years' passage from idealism to disillusion? At any rate, they will not, as I did, fall in when the drums begin to beat. That is something. But how much are they missing which was mine in 1912? I have forgotten a good deal of what was mine then. And in any case, the sheltered fruits of 1912 do not grow on the riven branches of 1936.

BARRINGTON GATES

PORTRAIT OF A SPANISH GENERAL

QUEIPO DE LLANO, the insurgent general in Seville, who has acquired a certain notoriety by his utterances on the wireless, has not always been the declared enemy of democracy. I met him once in Paris in very different circumstances.

In December, 1930, during the last months of the Monarchy, and the last weeks of General Berenguer's "passive dictatorship," two isolated military revolts broke out in favour of a Republic. The first, at Jaca, was quickly suppressed, and led to the execution of the two officers, Fernández and Galán. The second, at the Cuatro Vientos aerodrome near Madrid, faded out without fighting. The leaders, Major Franco and General de Llano, escaped by aeroplane to Portugal, and thence came by devious ways to Paris.

They forgathered with other exiled Spaniards at the Café Capoulade in the Latin Quarter, which had just replaced the Café Soufflot of blessed memory among artists and poets. It is a futuristically decorated establishment with a nickelled lunch-bar, and is frequented chiefly by students. At one table Indalecio Prieto, fat and bull-necked, held his *tertulia* among satellite politicians. Franco, harassed by the French police, came rarely. His brother, General Franco, at that time a faithful servant of the Monarchy, was also in Paris on a military mission. He frowned severely on his brother's treasonous escapade.

Queipo de Llano was a man in the middle forties. Tall, sparely-built, with a small dark moustache, he wore that air of dignified distinction which is inseparable from the true Castilian. In fluent French, though with an atrocious accent, he expounded his grievances against the Monarchy. Most of them centred on the person of the King, in whose household he had been. *Canaille* was the mildest of his epithets for Alfonso XIII. The rest are unprintable. No feature of Alfonso's private or public life met with his approval. De Llano was out to scandalise me. He tried to impress me, as an Englishman, with the news that during the war Alfonso had been rabidly pro-German, in spite of surface appearances. He wound up a twenty-minute diatribe with the description of a domestic scene in the Palace, in which the Queen, to silence the indiscretions of her husband, had cried: "*Tais-toi, Alphonse, mais tais-toi donc.*" For him, the last of the Bourbons was the lowest type of rake and double-crosser.

A year previously Queipo de Llano had planned a military revolt in the North. Primo de Rivera's time was drawing to an end. Berenguer and De Llano had taken a walk together into the country. "We know each other intimately. We always use '*tu*' in speaking." After this heart-to-heart talk De Llano was convinced that the fall of the Dictator was in sight, and he abandoned his project of revolt. But Berenguer had been in power for nearly a year. A parliamentary régime was as distant as ever. De Llano had decided that he must strike, though in his view Berenguer and himself still remained as brothers. He and Franco flew over Madrid in two aeroplanes from which Republican leaflets were dropped. They were acting in co-operation with some of the workers' organisations, and expected the declaration of a general strike. When they looked down on the city and saw the yellow trams running as usual, they knew that a hitch had occurred. Their only course was to make for the frontier.

The *Daily Mail*, having discovered that Franco and De Llano were "Moscow-inspired," had given them the familiar label of Reds. I questioned De Llano on this. The irony of the question is sufficiently apparent to-day. No, said De Llano, they had no money or support from Russia. In fact, the whole story of Bolshevik propaganda was a myth. The Spanish revolutionary committees allowed them 2,000 francs a month, and with this, since they had brought practically nothing from Spain, they had to eke out an existence. Life in Paris was very hard.

He told me his hopes for the future. "No half-measures are possible," he said. "The Monarchic system is beyond repair. Minor changes in the constitution can do no good. We need a clean sweep of all this corruption, and the establishment of a democratic republic."

A fortnight after our last conversation the Monarchy had fallen. Queipo de Llano, together with the other exiles, was back in Spain. His first post was the Military Governorship of Madrid. Later, he was given that of Seville. I do not know how he would explain his present position. Probably, like Alcalá Zamora, his championship of democracy was based solely on hatred of the Monarchy. GEOFFREY BRERETON

NEW SALZBURG PRODUCTIONS

FIVE composers supplied the regular opera repertory of this year's festival at Salzburg; namely, Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, Wagner and Hugo Wolf. I did not go to some of the Mozart operas because I was pretty well familiar with the Austrian productions of Mozart. Actually, I was warned not to go to *Cosi fan Tutte*, which has never yet been properly produced in Vienna or Salzburg since the Austrians persist in treating it as a sort of musical comedy or a light opera in the Johann Strauss vein and it may be said that the score of *Cosi fan Tutte* has been a sealed book to the opera-going public everywhere in the world until Fritz Busch and Carl Ebert gave the first really serious production of it at Glyndebourne. Good musicians have always considered it to be one of the finest of Mozart's scores, but the people who produce operas are not as a rule very intelligent or imaginative, and for a hundred years the producers and impresarios of Germany and Austria have been trying to obtain another text for the music of *Cosi fan Tutte* under the delusion that Da Ponte, that man of exceptional talent who provided Mozart with two such excellent librettos as *Figaro* and *Don Giovanni* had suddenly lost his wits when writing the text for *Cosi fan Tutte*. Actually the libretto of *Cosi fan Tutte* is one of the finest in the whole history of opera, being both witty and profound as well as vividly theatrical. One might have assumed this from the very fact that Mozart wrote some of his finest music for it, and further, that from beginning to end of this score he keeps on the highest level of his powers.

When Mozart was not satisfied with the libretto his behaviour was quite different, as we may see from his conduct with regard to his unknown opera *Die Gans von Cairo*, which was produced in a new version for the first time on August 22nd at the Stadt Theatre, Salzburg. This opera is an arrangement in two acts—made by Giovanni Cavicchioli as regards the text and by Virgilio Mortari as regards the music—of the uncompleted opera *Die Gans von Cairo*, which was composed by Mozart in 1783, that is to say, some time between *Die Entführung aus dem Serail* and *Figaro*. Mozart abandoned the composition of *Die Gans von Cairo* because of his dissatisfaction with the libretto, which was written for him by a Salzburg parson named Abate Varesco, who had supplied him with the text for *Idomeneo*. In a letter to his father, Mozart wrote at the time, he expressed his discontent with this libretto and said that much required altering and remodelling and that the writer had "not the slightest experience or understanding of the theatre."

Apparently Varesco never was able to amend his performance to Mozart's liking, for the opera remained uncompleted. It has now been re-modelled into a two-act opera, but the arrangers claim that there is not a bar in it which is not Mozart's, since they have made up a sufficiency of music out of fragments of yet another uncompleted Mozart opera of the same period. The result is an interesting work which contains some beautiful music, foreshadowing *Figaro* in a buffo-aria for Don Pippo (bass-baritone), but also having some pieces which are quite individual, such as a quartet for two tenors and two sopranos, which has a character all its own. Nevertheless, the opera does not make a very strong impression, firstly because the libretto is truly very bad, and secondly because much of the music was only sketched by Mozart, and its tentativeness is quite apparent to the ear in some places. It was well produced, and although the orchestra was not first class (it was a Salzburg not the Vienna Philharmonic orchestra), yet the conductor, Alberto Erede, a pupil of Toscanini and Weingartner, clearly revealed himself as a musician of exceptional gifts.

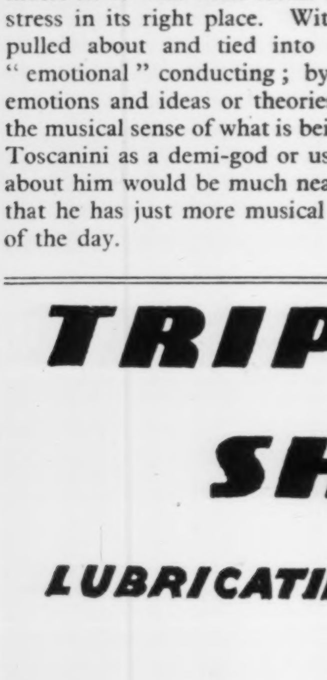
In the same bill was a new one-act opera by the French composer, Darius Milhaud, entitled *Le Pauvre Matelot*. This was the surprise of the evening, for this work, to an effective libretto by Jean Cocteau, was very good indeed. The critics of the Vienna and Salzburg papers which I saw were very contemptuous of this opera, but they are, in my opinion, wrong. It is one of the best modern works I have heard; it is extremely effective on the stage (it was very well produced and excellently sung) and the music is genuinely expressive, being melodious but not banal, modern but not manufactured, spontaneous and imaginative. Milhaud has a beautifully lucid and concise style, and he is, above all, musical and does not have to strain after literary effects. Hearing this opera has made me very eager to hear his *Christopher Columbus*, which is on a much larger scale. It seems to me that he is probably the most gifted of the known contemporary French composers. These productions were the work of what is called the Music-Studio in Salzburg and were not part of the proper Festival. The Music-Studio is an enterprising organisation and it should be encouraged to make further new productions next year.

Of the Festival proper, the last work I heard was Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice* under Bruno Walter at the Festspielhaus. This was a bitter disappointment. First of all I have to say something about the text. In the case of Gluck's operas, where there is more than one version made by Gluck himself and where the originals are not easily procurable, I think at a Festival of the importance of Salzburg there should be a special note or extra leaflet in the programme written by some reliable scholar telling us exactly what text has been used or to what degree the text is an amalgam of the different editions in existence. I am not familiar with the various editions of *Orpheus*, but I got the impression strongly that this Salzburg production was an unsatisfactory version, and I am told that it is an amalgam of the Paris and the Vienna versions.

But quite apart from this question of authenticity and of judgment in the selection or rejection of the different texts, I have to say that the performance was miserable in almost every respect. Kerstin Thorborg was totally miscast as Orpheus. I had heard her at Covent Garden earlier in the year and she made a good impression, but her voice has not got that true contralto timbre which the role needs, nor has it any sort of quality suitable to an Orpheus. Further, she had not the slightest imaginative conception of the part, although from a purely technical standpoint she sang quite well. Margit Bokor's Eros was adequate, using the word in an unenthusiastic sense; only Novotna as Eurydike was wholly satisfactory; she looked most beautiful, acted sensitively and made an appealing figure, but her role is subordinate to that of Orpheus, and if the Orpheus is not absolutely right this opera will always fail in its effect.

But, finally, I have to say of Bruno Walter that in spite of his great reputation and the occasional good performances I have heard under his direction, his conducting of *Orpheus* was most unmusical. Can it be that he is now conducting according to some theory of rhythm? I don't know to what else to ascribe his lack of sensibility to musical proportions, his finicky heaviness, his distortions and meaningless emphases. His conducting on this occasion was the very antithesis of Toscanini's. With Toscanini everything is musical, spontaneous, sensitive, vital and beautifully proportioned. The music flows with what seems a natural inevitability with every stress in its right place. With Bruno Walter everything was pulled about and tied into knots. This is what I call "emotional" conducting; by which I mean that non-musical emotions and ideas or theories are constantly interfering with the musical sense of what is being played. Those who describe Toscanini as a demi-god or use similarly extravagant language about him would be much nearer the truth if they said simply that he has just more musical sense than any other conductor of the day.

W. J. TURNER



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PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Great Ziegfeld," at His Majesty's

Glorification was Mr. Ziegfeld's business, almost his invention. To glorify the glorifier, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have spared no pains, no expense, no circular stages and only a few of their contract players. These figures from early twentieth-century mythology have been elevated out of the fleshy world. Their peachy skins and glassy eyes, like their dummy emotions and noble souls belong in a waxwork creation. That tricky old impresario—the arch bill-dodger—has become Hollywood's most eligible bachelor—the smooth and graceful William Powell. His business associates are some of Hollywood's busiest funny men. The moral tone rises steadily throughout, and only Little Audrey, the chorus girl who drank, mars the waxen perfection of the tableau.

Ziegfeld's life went in cycles. A lady—a show—a dither to pay for the costumes, then success, and, soon afterwards, another lady. His apotheosis circles for two and a half hours. After a time recurrent elements in the design seem to wave at you as they go past; the girls and the stages, the orchids and the diamonds, more and more steps, more and more satiny curtains. An interval in mid-film seems a crime against the spirit of movies; the five-minute pause in this one is functional; it is needed to provide some sort of contrast. Before it there is a little story-telling, Luise Rainer's broken English, and a lot of Follies. Afterwards you have Myrna Loy to look forward to (Myrna Loy making a fairly unsatisfactory blonde bid to be Miss Billie Burke) and a lot more of the same. Great Ziegfeld it certainly is: too long, too *luxe*, too full of wind—and, like the poor "Great Eastern" and perhaps some later overgrown ocean-goers, too glorified. Best moments come from the old gang, from Frank Morgan, Nat Pendleton, Herman Bing, Raymond Walburn—the gentlemen in the small parts.

"Marchand D'Amour," at Studio I (French)

Setting aside all vistas of the road to Buenos Aires and glamorous sin, this dealer in love is simply a crack film-director, a sort of Lubitsch, an ace of Ruritanian bedroom scenes. Because film directors, unlike novelists and undergraduates, seem to think very little of the romantic possibilities of their kind—he is a hero who has very rarely cropped up in films. The plot is not so new. It is, in fact, that very old fable about the actress who is discovered and made famous by a man whom she then rejects, only to find that she cannot keep her head among the clouds without his support. Jean Galland (a French Conrad Veidt) is the man, Rosine Reveau the girl. The direction, a little slow and old-fashioned, is interesting, the continuity linked by analogous progression (for example, a shot of a man hammering is followed by knocking on a door, the gramophone playing in the seamstress's garret dissolves into the musical accompaniment of a wild party in the film director's flat). On the whole an enjoyable film, with a nostalgic touch of the old silent ways. *Men of Yesterday*, a film designed to give pleasure to very unsophisticated ex-Servicemen under the guise of anti-war propaganda, is in the same programme. It is long and dull.

THE COMING WEEK

SUNDAY, September 6th—
Trafalgar Square meeting in support of Spain. Speakers from Liberal, Labour and Communist parties, Co-operative, Trade Unionist, ex-service men, writers and scientists. 3.30.

MONDAY, September 7th—
"The Ghost Goes West," Everyman Cinema.
"The Brothers Karamazov," Academy Cinema.

TUESDAY, September 8th—
National Dahlia Society's Show, New Horticultural Hall.
"The Composite Man," Daly's Theatre.

WEDNESDAY, September 9th—
Central London Left Book Club Circle: J. T. Murphy on "Literature and the Social Struggle," National Trade Union Club, W.C.1, 8.
"Laughter in Court," Shaftesbury Theatre.

THURSDAY, September 10th—
"Farewell Performance," Lyric Theatre.
Meeting for Defence of Culture and Democracy in Spain. Speakers include Eric Gill, Ivor Montagu, V. S. Pritchett, Margaret Webster and Kingsley Martin. Funds for Spanish Medical Unit. Essex Hall, Strand. 8.
Hampstead Peace Council: "Spain" by Monica Whately, Dr Charles Brook and others. Hampstead Town Hall.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I HAD meant to write about a book called *The Life and Eager Death of Emily Brontë* by Virginia Moore (Rich and Cowan, 18*s.*), but the book irritated me so that I could not go on with it. Then, in order to avoid reading the book, I read *Villette* instead, reflecting on the extraordinary change that comes over it when Charlotte abandons the principal characters of her novel and branches off at right angles into a description of her relations with the man she loved. So when the time came to write, I chose another subject. A passage which revealed the quality of *The Life and Eager Death of Emily Brontë* was where the authoress referred to Branwell's borrowing money and taking opium (a fairly common practice in the early nineteenth century), and added that at this time, "strange contradiction," he was also writing poetry. Apparently she regarded opium and writing poetry as in some way mutually opposed, if not wholly incompatible occupations, and had never heard of their being linked together before. I was annoyed also, at the start, because she assumed that Mrs. Brontë must have felt having as many as four children to be a disaster and because the familiar habit of taking afternoon tea was described as "orgies of tea-drinking." I wish now that these little things had not put me off so easily, as otherwise I should have reached the figure of Emily's phantom lover, Louis Parensell, whose name Miss Virginia Moore had been able to decipher, pencilled in Charlotte's handwriting, on the MS. of Emily's poem which she published under the title of *Last Words.* Meeting Louis Parensell, whose name was splashed across the columns of *The Times* by a carefully non-committal reviewer, though not unfavourable, would have made up for wading through what was obviously a silly book—but now, alas, Louis Parensell is no more. To eyes familiar with Charlotte's handwriting his very name, which was all we ever knew about him, has revealed itself as *Love's Farewell*, an alternative title to the poem. Once the e and the apostrophe were seen as a dotted i, the mischief was done, a lover was found and a book had to be written.

* * *

Cutting up a silly book is the easiest part of a reviewer's work, and in doing it he can give all-too-convincing reasons. But the reasons one gives for one's likes always seem rather doubtful and far-fetched. This week a book has made me happy for two days, and two days' happiness is not to be sneezed at. But what excuses can I offer for such a strange emotion? I feel sure they will seem unconvincing and invented. And first of all I must warn you, as the author will warn you, that it is ten to one you won't like this book at all, and then, thinking of my two days of happiness, you'll be raging with resentment and contempt. Proving yourself superior will be your only solace. Ten to one you won't like *Novel On Yellow Paper, or Work It Out For Yourself* by Stevie Smith (Cape, 7*s.* 6*d.*). But I like it; how I like it, and how difficult to explain why! It is written in a slangy, rather infantile jargon, with lots of Americanisms, German sentences and foreign mishandlings of English; with Gertrude Stein repetitive mannerisms and tricks borrowed from Hemingway. But far from disliking this, I adore it because the result so completely expresses the author's character and gives pungency to her wit and her sense. It's like a lisp, or a stammer, which can add to the enjoyment of a joke.

> But first, Reader, I will give you a word of warning. This is a foot-off-the-ground novel that came by the left hand. And the thoughts that come and go and sometimes they do not quite come and I do not pursue them to embarrass them with formality to pursue them into a harsh captivity. And if you are a foot-off-the-ground person I make no bones to say that is how you will write and only how you will write. And if you are a foot-on-the-ground person, this book will be for you a desert of weariness and exasperation. So put it down. Leave it alone. It was a mistake you made to get this book. You could not know.

Yet Miss Stevie Smith isn't by nature a foot-off-the-grounder, which is why I, who only like the *terre-à-terre*, like her. She has a foot-off-the-ground because she isn't writing a novel at all, but saying just what she feels about herself, her employer, her aunt, her lovers, her friends and the good people, or not-so-good people, with whom she stayed in Germany. So her foot-off-the-ground is just a device for telling the truth which couldn't be told otherwise, just as the only way of telling the truth sometimes is by wild exaggeration.

* * *

> That Lion, my aunt, has very sad late habits. At night time she has habits that are a genuine bit of Old Fielding. No light, late nightcap of Horlicks Is Helping Her Now, but the cold game pie she found in the larder . . . She puts the game pie on the table and finds in some remoter treasure trove a bottle of beer. . . . She props up the newspaper and reads from the legal columns. There is great joy there for my aunt, for there on the legal page Somerset House in all its black delinquency has been caught napping, has been found against by some despairing claimant . . . Sometimes my aunt reads out every bit of her income tax form aloud. With snuffling and sobbing in the throat, for the wickedness that is set down there, and fury in her old lion heart, and biting of nails, and thrashing of tail, up and down the house she goes, and scratching and scuffling round the house she goes to the cupboard low down where the receipt skewer lodges. Every receipt we have is impaled on this mighty skewer, and there is more rustling and scratching, and finally the receipt conclusive is produced, and now bursting with righteous triumph she sits down to write to James.

Then I must admit I agree with so many of Stevie Smith's opinions. She is always hitting the nail on the head. For example the neurotic condition of Germany gets on her nerves. First the parents slapping their child and telling it the story of Sneewitchen in which the wicked stepmother has to dance in red-hot shoes until she drops dead. Then the hateful feeling of a whole race giving itself up to dreams and cruelty. And when she has rushed back to England she thinks suddenly, suppose it were not a nation but an individual, this is what we should say:

> . . . what is the matter with that poor Mr. Brown that has been looking so funny, he certainly looks queer, he looks a sick man? Oh, yes, where is that Mr. Brown that we don't see now, it is a long time, that was sick? Oh, yes, he was sick. Oh, yes, he got dictators, it turned out afterwards. That's what he got. Oh, certainly he was bad, very phony, very queer, but he got dictators like the doctors said.

* * *

There is so much I instantly agreed with, but which I could never have expressed for myself, that I naturally rejoiced over *Novel On Yellow Paper*. And since I agreed, I can't help saying Stevie Smith is an extraordinarily sensible girl. Whether she talks about Gilbert Murray's translations and Racine, about sex, or about being hopelessly and unsuitably in love, she always tells the truth and talks sense, and the slapdash pseudo-American slang acquires for me a strangely poetical quality.

> For two years now has Freddy been my own peculiar friend and playmate. But now he is proud, revengeful; will have marriage now or nothing, for he is in a huff, a puff of huff I thought that should disperse. But no it will not. Oh Freddy my sweet idiot boy, how can you be withdrawn so cold, so permanently huffish? You that had a loving giving face, a loving and inquiring charm, how changed you are, how different, how distant cold and dappy.

Men are always writing pretty things about women and don't need to convince us that they know something about love. But modern women seldom seem able to express a really strong feeling for anybody but themselves. Perhaps when things go really well they don't write at all, and it's the unsatisfied passions that get hammered out on the typewriter. Things have gone badly with Freddy too; but Stevie Smith shows that she loved him and not simply a reflection of herself. For that reason *Novel On Yellow Paper* takes the taste of a hundred best-sellers, in which women value their lovers by the lengths of their motor cars, out of one's mouth.

DAVID GARNETT

NEW NOVELS

City for Conquest. By ABEN KANDEL. *Joseph.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Innocent Summer. By FRANCES FROST. *Barker.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

None Turn Back. By STORM JAMESON. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

I Am Black. By J. GRENFELL WILLIAMS and HENRY JOHN MAY. *Cassell.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

There is a certain type of film in which the producer, when he cannot think of anything else to do, inserts a sequence—with appropriate musical accompaniment—of surging waves, flying wheels or innumerable feet pounding mercilessly on city pavements. *City for Conquest* reminds me of such a film. Mr. Kandel is deeply impressed by the drama of his subject; but now and then, overcome by his love of declamation, he stops telling the story—one of the many stories that he has woven together into a single narrative—and begins to apostrophise the entire city of New York. The result is Zolaesque; but Mr. Kandel shows very little of Zola's sense of poetry. There is nothing here half so vivid as the account of the roof of the great department store, described in *Au Bonheur des Dames*—that roof where the huge water tanks keep up a perpetual clucking, gurgling and whispering, and where nostalgic employees in search of solitude gaze out across the crumpled chimney-pots and zinc-sheathed attics of a venerable Parisian quarter through which the new shop, like some hideous parasitic organism, is steadily eating its way. To make us understand, a novelist must make us feel. It is true that the French novelist—for instance, in the closing chapters of *L'Assommoir*—may allow his narrative to assume a tone of melodramatic exaggeration that very soon defeats its own end; but at his best, as in the passage I have mentioned above and in the brilliant and repulsive picture of the laundresses sitting down to lunch amid Himalayan piles of dirty linen, the effect is extraordinarily sharp and definite. Zola's novels are social documents—pieces of vigorous propaganda—that sometimes rise to the dignity of works of art; but *City for Conquest*, though it may interest students of American urban manners a hundred years hence, is least impressive when its pretensions are most exalted. Mr. Kandel follows the careers of a number of New York children from youth to maturity. There is Joey, the tough boy of the neighbourhood, who reappears as a prize-fighter, and Googi, the ill-treated shoe-black who starts to earn his living by picking the pockets of drunken lovers asleep under the stairs and on the landings of tenement buildings, and who eventually makes a name for himself in the world of New York gangs and rackets. Various adult characters are also portrayed—the chief of these being a grafting contractor and an ambitious young man who murders his father and his stepmother by setting fire to their house at dead of night and then builds up an enormous real-estate business with the property he has inherited.

Zola would have delighted in the real-estate man; and he, too—since Zola's journalistic sensationalism was continually overpowering his artistic judgment—might have portrayed him as the victim of guilty hallucinations to the day of his death, haunted by a fiery glow that seems to spring up whenever he closes his eyes. But Mr. Kandel's real weakness is not so much his streak of sensationalism as his liking for long rhetorical paragraphs. New York, he tells us again and again, is a savage, insatiable, restless, comfortless place:

> There are no welcome signs in this town. Get off a freight car with your wrists stiff and blue and the vomit in your throat, and the railroad bulls slap you around for exercise and steal the two bucks you sewed into your coat lining against the day when the richest city in the world would economise by calling off its breadlines. Hike in on your caked socks and blistering feet and you keep on hiking. The cobblestones sing back the song of the bluecoats, "Keep moving, Brother." It's only when you take the Twenty-third Street ferry to Greenpoint, that the jolly alderman greets you on the rotting dock and, blowing smoke in your face, proclaims: "Greenpernt—the garden spot of the woild." You can have it.

Outbursts of this kind—I have chosen a comparatively mild example—are far too frequent, and add to the bulk and impenetrability of what might otherwise be a decently proportioned and by no means unentertaining book.

Innocent Summer is less diffuse: no fireworks sputter in the style, no gusts of rhetorical denunciation sweep across the pages. Like Mr. Kandel, Miss Frances Frost portrays the existence of a community through the lives of its children; but here the community is made up of the inhabitants of a small New England town. Separate sections are headed *June*, *July*, *August*, *September*; and the narrative is spun out through successive months, each month being broken up into a number of fragmentary and, at times, somewhat confusing episodes. With considerable skill, Miss Frost manages to convey the quality of childish and adolescent experience—the flavour of a period when nothing is finished, nothing complete in itself, and the mysterious future overshadows every action. Except in her attempts to describe an adolescent love affair—always a difficult business since such affairs are both mawkish and passionate, and it is only the mawkishness that an adult story-teller is usually able to evoke—Miss Frost keeps her narrative carefully unsentimental; and hypersensitive readers should take warning that the happenings of the summer are not nearly so innocent, and the children themselves not quite so unspotted, as they may have imagined after glancing at the title-page.

Innocent Summer is very definitely a woman's book; and, in spite of its much broader scope and more ambitious treatment, so is Miss Storm Jameson's *None Turn Back*, a novel that covers the week of the General Strike and adds a third volume to a trilogy of novels entitled *The Mirror of Darkness*. When the narrative opens, Hervey Russell has just learned that she will have to undergo a major operation. She spends the next few days doing her best to push her rather lackadaisical husband into a new job, and, at the same time, working on a strike committee; then gives up her body to the surgeon's knife, emerging from the horrors of the operating table exhausted but unbroken. The passages that deal with the Strike are remarkably well done; though I feel that the psychology of the capitalist classes deserves somewhat subtler analysis, and that Harben, captain of industry, and his sinister henchman, Julian Swan, are a little too close to the monstrous beady-eyed apparitions of a typical Communist caricature. But, from the point of view of a hardened and embittered novel-reader, the chief disadvantage of the book is the protagonist herself. One has met so many of these intelligent, courageous, not very young yet, it appears, still extremely attractive middle-class Englishwomen that one begins to know in any given set of circumstances exactly how they may be expected to behave:

> Suddenly he kissed her, which he had not done in the eighteen years he had known her. She was too much surprised to move, but she looked at him with her fine intimate smile and blushed.

The words "fine" and "intimate" as applied to Hervey's smile, may help to explain a certain shade of embarrassment that has occasionally overcome me while reading this interesting, honest and, on the whole, well-written story.

I Am Black is a novel inspired by strong socialist convictions; but in this instance the novelist's sympathies are directed towards the black victims of western industry and western greed. Shabala is an amiable and good-looking native boy, the son of a petty chief, who leaves his father's kraal to work in the mines. Twice he leaves home—the first because he wishes to marry and is anxious to earn a few pounds so that he may buy cattle for his father-in-law; on the second occasion because his tribe's grazing lands are ruined by a prolonged drought. The story is told from Shabala's standpoint; the industrial slums of Johannesburg are described through his eyes. A fortnight ago I reviewed a novel which seemed to me to contain an unusually convincing picture of the primitive mind; but the authors of *I Am Black* are somewhat less successful, and, though the book is worth reading, the hero himself never really comes to life. He is a magnificent child of nature, the Noble Savage; but he never quite achieves the status of an understandable human being.

PETER QUENNELL

WAR FOR WAR'S SAKE

The Nation at War. By GENERAL LUDENDORFF. *Hutchinson.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

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totalitarian war, politics should be the energetic doctrine of the preservation of the people." He has, in fact, nothing but scorn for the old-fashioned wars which provided the material for the discourses of earlier strategists. These were mere colonial and predatory expeditions undeserving of "the sublime and serious definition of warfare." War to-day, however, has at last assumed its "abstract" and "absolute" form. From being merely a means for settling petty interstate squabbles it has been transformed into an instrument for annihilating whole peoples, a process in which such sacred principles as the racial "will to live" and the regeneration of the national soul are intimately involved. Totalitarian warfare demands that the whole life of the nation, cultural, economic and political, should be recruited in the service of the War Office. Attention must be paid to such mundane details as "the provisioning of the men and the feeding of horses and cattle." Christians, Socialists and "malcontents," anyone in short who takes the liberty to assume that the individual may exist for some purpose other than that of acting as a cog in one vast war machine—all these disturbing elements must be ruthlessly suppressed lest "the psychical unity" of the nation might in some measure become impaired. "It is an immutable fact that the physical and moral strength of every single German, whether in the Army or at home, must be placed at the service of the war leaders."

This is the terrifying picture which this book portrays. It reads like the ravings of a maniac. Yet it is in fact a sober description by a leading authority on the character of the next war, an essay in precise terms on the meaning of national solidarity in wartime. In country after country steps are being taken to inculcate these qualities of discipline, uniformity and service which national unity requires. The old liberal doctrine that governments exist for the happiness of the governed has been sapped at its foundation. In its place is erected the whole paraphernalia of state ideals and soldierly virtues. The words of Walt Whitman seem appropriate. "Of obedience, faith, adhesiveness; as I stand aloof and look there is to me something profoundly affecting in large masses of men following the lead of those who do not believe in men." Yet unfortunately we cannot stand aloof and the "malcontents" in the different countries must decide on a policy for overcoming the Leviathan which this book describes. Most descriptions of the next war are written by pacifists and the majority achieve their object. After a few pages the reader of normally sensitive instincts becomes so sickened that he decides that participation is not for him. Yet this book strangely induces a different reaction. One cannot help feeling that the machine has now become so devastatingly efficient that such feeble protestants would soon be crushed out of existence. Perhaps the Ludendorffs in Germany, the Francos in Spain and their accomplices elsewhere can only be finally defeated by their own weapons. Would not the world, for instance, be a better place to live in if the German Republic had laid aside any fastidious regard for liberal principles of toleration and had decided to exterminate once and for all the influence of the Ludendorffs and other maniacs of the same breed? Perhaps the firm belief of the humanitarians that the means might be suited to the end was just a comfortable fantasy. The conviction of the "malcontents" is that human happiness and suffering should provide the test of good government, whatever may be the cost to the possessors of privilege and power with their bogus ideals of national honour and racial destiny. Perhaps, after all, they must be prepared in the last resort to fight, as well as suffer, for their creed.

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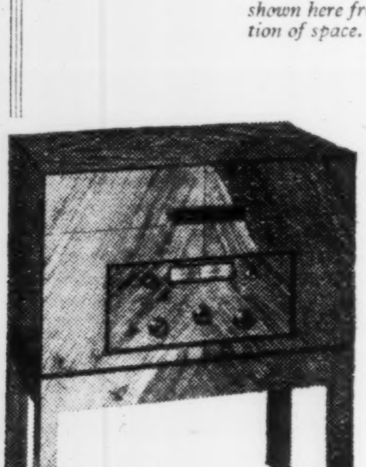

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AN EARLY BLUESTOCKING

Marguerite of Navarre. By SAMUEL PUTNAM. *Jarrolds.* 16s.

The title of Mr. Putnam's new book is hardly an accurate one, for it is as much a history of the "Trinity"—Louise of Angoulême, François I and Marguerite of Navarre—as of Marguerite herself; it is, of course, difficult to see how it could be anything else, and, as a result of the comparatively full historical background, the book is far more interesting than a mere recital of Marguerite's life would have been, as she often came perilously near to being a prig.

On the whole, Mr. Putnam is very impartial, although, perhaps, he errs on the side of harshness in accepting the contemporary view of Marguerite's first husband, Charles, Duke of Alençon, particularly in the matter of his retreat after the disastrous Battle of Pavia, when he was branded throughout France as a "runaway," as it is exceedingly difficult to see what else he could have done. Mr. Putnam has a flair for the phrase that accurately sums up a character, as, for example, his description of Anne of Brittany as a "Provincial Duchess," or, when on the subject of Mary Tudor, he writes: "Mary was young, charming, giddy, accomplished—she could be giddy in six languages." About Mary's futile efforts to appear pregnant after the death of Louis XII (who was at the time of his death totally incapable of producing an heir), Mr. Putnam quotes the following: "But Madame la Régente, who came from Savoy, and who knew about the having of children . . . had her so well watched over and attended by physicians and midwives that her paddings were discovered, and she was found out and her plan thwarted; as a result of which, she did not become queen mother, but was sent back to her own country." This I find interesting, not so much for the light that it casts on Mary, but for its exposure of Louise, for there is little doubt that, had Mary proved to be pregnant and given birth to a son, the Duchess of Angoulême was quite capable of having a child either declared a bastard or seeing that it did not live long.

For so forcible a mother, Louise seems to have been unusually loved by her two children, especially as Marguerite had her own decided opinions and they did not fluctuate as often as those of the older woman. Marguerite, in spite of all that has been said against them, was really fortunate in her two husbands, as although they might frown upon her "blue-stocking" activities, neither of them actually interfered with her. Mr. Putnam has translated most of the verses that are scattered through the text with accuracy and has succeeded in making quite nice new poems out of them, but he has rightly refrained from attempting to translate Marguerite's introduction of *terza rima,* used by her for the first time in French, and is content to give a prose rendering.

In his very useful "Partial Bibliography" at the end of the book, Mr. Putnam shows a sense of humour by including "Choice Tales from the Heptameron of Queen Margaret of Navarre, London, Bohemian Publishing Co., 1913," and it is to be hoped that his book will have a better fate than to stand next to the "Choice Tales" in the windows of certain shops in the Charing Cross district, described as "Interesting Reading."

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HOFMANNSTHAL'S NOVEL

Andreas, or the United. By HUGO VON HOFMANNSTHAL. Translated by MARIE D. HOTTINGER. *Dent.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Hugo von Hofmannsthal, the Austrian poet who died at the age of fifty-five in 1929, is known in this country by his association with Richard Strauss, as librettist for *Der Rosenkavalier* and *Elektra*, and as author of the favourite plays of the Salzburg Festival *Everyman* and *The Great World Theatre*. These are generally thought to be the most significant achievements of a small output, unique but disappointing after the brilliant promise Hofmannsthal showed at the beginning of his literary career. The fragment of a novel, however, which has now for the first time been translated and published in England, shows perhaps more clearly than any of the more famous works how high were the artistic and imaginative gifts which he possessed.

Andreas, or the United, if it had been completed, would have belonged to the class of philosophical novel that the Germans have specialised in: spiritual histories, heavily charged with symbolism and poetry, of a young man, a thinly concealed image of the author, in search of life. Rilke, Hofmannsthal's contemporary, born to the same dark, Catholic inheritance of Austrian culture, wrote his *Notebooks of Malte Laurids Brigge*, and *Andreas*, although it is more directly a novel, and a novel the action of which takes place in the late eighteenth century, is not unlike Rilke's book with its dreamlike intensity of experience and symbolism. As it stands, there are only ninety pages of continuous text, about a quarter of the projected whole, and notes for the subsequent chapters. And even in these ninety pages there are passages which one feels that Hofmannsthal would have rewritten or filled out; one has a sense of uncompleted outlines and transitions. This effect of roughness is increased by the translation, which, though on the whole admirable, shows at times a rather pedantic care for exactitude: the result is a slight insensitiveness to English rhythm and phrase. But none of these defects destroy the pleasure which the flow of Hofmannsthal's prose, lighter, more purified than Rilke's, gives, the exquisitely vivid details of description, the atmosphere of the Carinthian farm and the narrow, mysterious lanes and decaying splendour of Venice. The most remarkable quality of the book is the power which the half-dream events, never vague or shallow, have of sinking into one's mind, quickening imagination in much the same way as the later poems of Yeats. This power they derive partly from the artistry of the prose, partly also from the disturbing depth of truth approached in the symbolism, worked out more elaborately, always created and never merely stated, in the long series of notes, as if revealing in sudden brilliant glimpses something of the dialectic pattern of life itself. JOHN LEHMANN

THE COUNTRY INTEREST

Walter Long and His Times. By Sir CHARLES PETRIE. *Hutchinson.* 18*s.*

Walter Long was an excellent example of the English country gentleman, shrewd, capable and entirely honourable, but unimaginative and incapable of understanding either the politically conscious artisan or the radical intellectual. Unfortunately, Sir Charles Petrie has not attempted to give us a picture of the genial landowner and enthusiastic sportsman. We are not even told if he ever read a book. Instead, there is a retelling in rather undistinguished prose of the political history between 1874 and 1924, on the excuse that the younger generation is unfamiliar with this period. If they wish to become less unfamiliar with it, they would do well to begin not with this Life of Long, but with the far more interesting and informative Lives of Asquith, Campbell-Bannerman, Rosebery, Harcourt, Birkenhead, Lansdowne and Curzon.

In Mr. Long's first election address, when he was fresh from Harrow and Christ Church, he declared against any further educational schemes as "unnecessary and undesirable," and he won his seat in Wiltshire, which county had been represented in Parliament by Longs since the middle of the 14th century. In 1895 he was made President of the Board of Agriculture, and successfully stamped rabies out of the country by making muzzles compulsory for dogs—thus earning the fanatical hatred of sentimental dog-lovers. In 1905 he was made Chief Secretary for Ireland, but the Government fell before the year was out, and he escaped unscathed from this tomb of reputations. He was a loyal but a very critical supporter of Balfour, and used all his weight—which was considerable—against the rejection of the Parliament Act. He proposed, instead, that the Conservative programme at the next election should include the repeal of the Parliament Act and of the taxation inflicted by the 1909 Budget. (There was at times a milky ingenuousness about this otherwise sensible gentleman, or he could not have supposed that Super-tax and Death Duties were widely unpopular.) When Balfour resigned the Conservative leadership in 1911, the obvious candidates for the post were Long and Mr. Austen Chamberlain, and probably Long would have won on a vote. Rather than put the leadership up for what he called "a Dutch auction" he proposed to Mr. Chamberlain that they should both stand down in favour of Bonar Law. Papal elections have afforded many precedents for such a choice, and perhaps what is good enough for the Catholic Church ought to be good enough for the Conservative Party. Long again showed entire loyalty to his leader, and was given the Local Government Board in 1915, the Admiralty in 1919. Here he had the misfortune to get on the wrong side of Beatty, and to suffer in consequence from the usual unscrupulous attacks. In 1921 he retired from office with a Viscounty, and in 1924 he died. He was liked and respected by all parties, but he was not a very interesting man, and this biography is less readable than his own chatty and unpretentious *Memories*. A welcome touch of comic relief is given by a letter from Mr. Long's brother, Lord Gisborough, threatening to support the Labour Party because the Coalition was not Tory enough for his taste. Pages 199, 200, and 201 contain what is interesting to the historian, a conversation with Sir John French noted by Long, in which the General explains the misunderstanding about munitions. He had enough for ordinary circumstances, and had said so, but circumstances in war are often not ordinary, so that he really had not got enough... And some people say soldiers are not subtle. R. M.

CURRENCY AND BANKING

Monetary Reform in Theory and Practice. By DR. PAUL EINZIG. *Kegan Paul.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Bank of England Operations, 1890-1914. By R. S. SAYERS. *King.* 6*s.*

In his latest book Dr. Einzig continues his prolific and useful, if often exasperating, career of economic popularisation, this time covering the whole field of monetary reform. It shares both the qualities and the defects of its predecessors; here are the same shrewd summaries of recent events, the same adroit disentanglements of complexity, the same casual yet neat statements of essentials; combined and contrasted with the same curious examples of prejudice, careless and loose wording, and occasional hasty glossing-over of difficulties. Dr. Einzig's comparison of the various schools of monetary reformers—credit expansionists, purchasing power expansionists, advocates of redistribution, and so on, up to the almost-orthodox supporters of a "managed" gold standard—is not exhaustive, but it offers more than a sketch-map guide, and should serve to clarify ideas on the issues involved and the arguments in use; and he leads his readers gently and skilfully through the maze of dual currencies, international monetary agreements (of the gentleman's variety and otherwise) and political complications. So far, so good. Moreover, he does not follow the principle, too popular among monetary reformers, of "No case—abuse plaintiff's attorney"; for which mercy a reader accustomed to wading through pages of random denunciation may well be thankful. On the other hand, he makes no attempt to answer the case that the orthodox economist could be relied upon to put up against him; and he seems regrettably willing to get out of any awkward corner by invoking an undefined and unspecified "economic planning." Considerations of space may justify him; but we might be given some indication. Less pardonable is the occasional looseness of phrasing, such as, on p. 81: "Most economists of Socialist leanings are in favour of expansion as a means of increasing real wages . . ." Presumably what is meant here is total earnings, which is not at all the same thing.

Dr. Einzig's own solution is eclectic, and he generously acknowledges his debt to other reformers, even those whom he has most ruthlessly criticised. On the one hand it includes a drastic once-for-all devaluation of all currencies, with the aim of liquidating "fictitious wealth" and giving Central Banks a working margin; this move to be followed by the establishment of inconvertible paper currencies with a substantial backing of gold. The latter rather paradoxical proposal rests on a distinction between gold

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as a universally acceptable international currency and gold as a regulator of internal price levels. In the present nationalistic temper of economic policy everywhere this seems likely to lead to horrid confusion; but then, so would almost any conceivable plan which did not drastically alter that temper itself. Minor reforms include a vigorous entry by the Central Banks into the field of forward exchange operations, and a widening of the "gold points" to avoid unnecessary movements of gold; with the comparatively little-canvassed suggestion that a secondary backing for the currency should be provided by government holdings of non-perishable staple commodities. Dr. Einzig does not claim that his reforms would bring about an economic millennium or even that they would wholly solve the narrower monetary problem; but on balance he believes that they would represent a vast improvement on the present chaos.

Mr. Sayers' little book might be taken as text for part at least of Dr. Einzig's sermon. It provides, predominantly, a straightforward history of policy and technique; but he draws certain interesting conclusions as to the power and status of the Bank during the period covered. During this time—the heyday of the international gold standard—Bank control over the money market was in fact less firm and regular than it is at present, its technique was less developed, and home trade was more at the mercy of irrelevant political movements of gold (such as the Russo-Japanese indemnity) than in post-war days. The comparative pre-war success of the gold standard Mr. Sayers attributes less to any bygone perfection of international co-operation or financial enlightenment than to the phlegmatic acceptance by an earlier generation of shocks and disturbances which nowadays would be liable to develop into panic and dislocation.

H. M. C.

AWAY WITH ORNAMENT

Between the Wars. By H. W. NEVINSON. *Hutchinson.* 10s. 6d.

This volume is a reprint of "middles" written for the *Nation* or the *New Leader*—not quite "between the wars"—that would hardly be possible—but between Mr. Nevinson's periods of service as a war correspondent. The earliest is dated 1909, the latest 1934. More than half of them are on Greek or English literature.

Mr. Nevinson is, he says himself, "obviously no great reader." He has been too busy with other things. Yet, though he "devotes an average of eight or ten weeks to get through one novel," and *Sons and Lovers* cost him "five months' persistent toil," he has always felt "a cruel spiritual hunger" when entirely bookless. He recalls the eagerness with which he fell on some particular volume during a Balkan campaign, in the Dardanelles, on the coast of Central Africa: and this appetite, he thinks, is the rule. "Take the ordinary soldier, a man from the working classes. . . . Nothing delights the 'Tommy' more than sitting down in an interval of fighting to 'have a bit of a read.'"

Of course a passion for literature is something different. "My chief delight in reading," says Mr. Nevinson, "has been in fine biography or vivid history, especially of recent times, telling of people I have seen or of events I have lived through." He wouldn't choose "Shakespeare or anything else" for a desert island, unless there were some hope of escape: "for all great literature implies the clash and complexity of common life. What interest in *Hamlet* or *Faust* or *Anna Karenina* when one will be alone for ever?" But he continues to revere and enjoy those poets, classical or English, who impressed his more vacant youth, and his attitude to newer work is most friendly, when he comes across it. He is a ready admirer, and all for going ahead.

At the same time he is apt, naturally perhaps, to suspect art and the man of letters of not being quite "real." He is always glad of evidence to the contrary. Poems by distinguished men of action are rare, he says, "but when we come upon them they are felt to possess a solidity and power beyond the reach of the literary artist. They are first-hand. . . . No taint of unreality hangs about them." And he finds it easiest to get hold of something other, in a work of art, than the thing itself. His article on Housman's *Last Poems* is a good example. It is mostly taken up with the charm of Shropshire:

> In no other part of the world, I think, could the poet have found the scene, the people, and the manner of life precisely corresponding to his mood, or in part suggesting it. . . . We cannot suppose that four centuries of rule under concise or silent Romans left no effect upon the dwellers in the marches, many of whom must have escaped the German slaughters, and bequeathed enough of Celtic admixture to carry on the twilight mood. . . . For that beautiful country the poet's love has remained unaltered all these years. And, what is perhaps more remarkable, his mood in contemplating it in connection with the life of man has remained unaltered too.

In art and life, Mr. Nevinson has, it seems, one great negative principle: away with ornament! Away with earrings and decorated furniture and "beautiful style": with "cadence, alliteration, and every other artifice." Let us be stark.

> Speaking of Samuel Butler once, I said (and nobly did Butler deserve the praise): "He touched nothing from which he did not strip the ornament." What an epitaph for every artist, for every writer, for every man and woman!

This may sound intolerant, and indeed it would abolish painting and sculpture altogether. But in practice, Mr. Nevinson is not so very austere after all; he warmly admires Swinburne, George Meredith, and Prof. Gilbert Murray. He condemns rhetoric, but inclines to it himself when there is an opening. He extols men of action, yet "has often found that the best way of getting a difficult piece of practical work done is to turn an idealist on to it."

In short, he is sympathetic. He has some crotchets, but none of the bigotry which is fear disguised: he can respect the Bible, Shakespeare and other ancient gods, and yet like the Futurists very much for not respecting them. This alert, courageous, welcoming attitude, rather than anything which has come of it, makes the book agreeable. It is not a sympathy that always goes very deep, but it is always at hand, exactly suited to the journalist's task of picking a thing up and passing it on. And anyone too bookish to care about Mr. Nevinson's views on literature may turn to the general essays, in which he passes on Cecil Sharp's discovery of the Appalachians, bids an elaborate and detailed good-bye to America, or banters the leaders of Society, made happy for the first time, during a coal strike, by honest toil.

K. JOHN

SHORTER NOTICES

Great Mother Forest. By ATTILIO GATTI. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 20s.

Commander Gatti needs no introduction to readers of African adventure, for his studies of the Congo pygmies alone place him high among our more entertaining travellers. The expedition of which the present book is the record is the eighth he has made. It started from the Kenya frontier of the Belgian Congo, and its main purpose was the securing of rare living animals. The stories of the capture and taming of that rare antelope the Bingo, and of the two Okwapoi, will be read with interest by all zoologists; but for most readers the descriptions of the peoples, particularly of the giant Watussi, that strange Hamitic aristocracy that rules over thousands of negroes and pygmies, and of the pygmies themselves, will probably prove the most interesting chapters in the book. Commander Gatti holds strong views on the protection of the rarer beasts, and suggests reservations for the Okwapoi as the only fair way of saving it from extinction, so keenly is it hunted for food and pelt. On the other hand he believes that the giant gorilla is over protected, especially as it cannot even be photographed unless the observer is able to fire in self-defence, if necessary. The photographs which illustrate the book are superb in definition, and demonstrate how great a part protective colouring plays in the economy of nature.

The Paradise of Fools. By MICHAEL H. MASON. *Hodder and Stoughton.* 15s.

Every man in his desert is prepared to swear that his is the only real thing. So Mr. Mason in this admirable story of how he and his five companions crossed and re-crossed the Lybian Desert in three Ford cars from the confines of Lower Egypt to where the Sudan abuts on French Equatorial Africa. Mr. Mason writes modestly of himself as a minor member of the company, but one imagines that his companions will by now have recognised that to have such an historian with them was extremely worth while. Mr. Mason not only recounts the ardours, risks and achievements of a really dangerous adventure, he also throws himself whole-heartedly into the descriptions of the zoological, botanical, geographical and archæological discoveries that were made. His descriptions, too, of the desert, whether of the flat and dreary wastes, where the going was good, or of the golden wonders of the drifting sand billowing for miles where every prospect pleased and only the going was vile, are admirable. Good, too, are his descriptions of the rare oases, and of the wonderful Wadi Hamar, where in the dried bed of a forgotten river trees grow and wild beasts congregate. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.

Memoirs of Her Royal Highness the Infanta Eulalia. *Hutchinson.* 16s.

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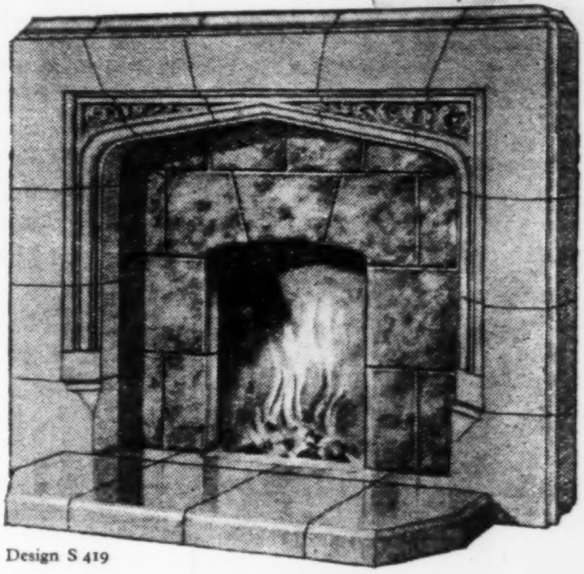

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and especially against the enforced political marriage customs under which she herself suffered. The Princess has much to tell her readers of the pre-war Courts of Europe, and of the deadly dullness of the Spanish and Russian as compared with the English and German and others where enlightened men and women unknown to the Almanach de Gotha were honoured and welcomed. The Princess has spent much of her life in France, where in the days following the Second Empire she entered into the intellectual and artistic life of Paris, as it was to be observed in the salons of the Duchess de Rohan and other famous Royalists. Liberal, however, as she claims to be, the Infanta Eulalia is a great admirer of Dictators, and writing with the usual naivety of princes assumes that freedom may be good for the rulers but bad for the ruled.

The Timeless Theme. A Critical Theory Formulated and Applied. By COLIN STILL. *Nicholson and Watson.* 21s.

The subject of this book is the interrelation of art and myth. Mr. Colin Still argues that the individual genius of great artists and the collective genius as expressed in myth and ritual have at all times dealt with "one and the same spiritual theme"; which he proceeds to elaborate. The argument leads him through a bog of natural symbolism, comparative mythology and Christian tradition, from which at the end of Part I he emerges to apply his theory to *The Tempest*. Shakespeare's play is treated as allegory and its value as poetry ignored. Few readers, we imagine, will be inclined to agree with Mr. Still's method of interpretation when they find that it means subordinating Shakespeare's poetry to an ingenious and complex "inner meaning" to which only Mr. Still, it seems, possesses the key. Much of *The Timeless Theme* is as learned as it is fantastic, and it appeals to an interest in myths rather than in Shakespeare.

Week-end Competitions

No. 338

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer a first prize of Two Guineas and a second prize of Half a Guinea for a poem of twenty-five lines containing the following rhymes in this order: Car, Star; Malice, Palace; Go, Low; Aerial, All; Plane, Swain, Again; Pole, Rigmarole; Wells, Shells; Paris, Tarries; Hippodrome, Home; Ford, Scored; Wight, Cenobite; Station, Nation. The poem may be eighteenth century or twentieth century in subject, and pastoral, satirical, classic or modern in feeling—as the competitor wishes.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, Sept. 11.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 336

Set by David Garnett

An anecdote about the disappearance and reappearance of a Surrey labourer is told in the first paragraph of this week's *Books in General*. The usual prizes are offered for the best account (in not more than 250 words) of how Summers had spent his time while absent and had preserved the jug against his return. The prizes will be given to the most imaginative, credible and best-written entries. Anything in the nature of fantasy is barred.

Report by David Garnett

An extraordinary variety of reasons was shown in the entries for this competition, though loss of memory, bigamy, and the loss of his jug to collectors of china were very frequently alleged. Twice he was made to travel to China in search of his jug, which on one occasion was believed to be of the Ming dynasty. He was made to wander in time, back to Roman days, he was spotted by a film producer and taken to Hollywood; he became an artist's model:

> All over the world they went, Mr. Summers and his jug. Sir Charles said they brought him luck and he painted them into all his pictures. Low drinking scenes. There's quite a good likeness of Mr. Summers and jug in the Tate.

He was mistaken for an escaped lunatic and kept nine years in an asylum; was forced to impersonate his twin brother; was kidnapped by smugglers; and shanghaied in Portsmouth. Szczepan Chrzaszcz made him go in for jug-making:

> When the farmer so suddenly left his wife, he went to Chekoslovakia and opened a mass-production factory of beer jugs. I myself have seen these jugs and they are even called the Summers-Surrey mugs.

I liked the idea of his spending nine years "being intellectually convinced of the necessity of total abstinence," and liked also the competitor who began:

> "Repent ye, for the Kingdom of Heaven is at hand." From the hedge, newlaid by Summers, a hand gripped his in the moon-flecked darkness.

After which Summers threw away his beer and became a wandering preacher. And I rather liked the idea of his jug being stolen by the proprietor of a skittle alley and Summers spending nine years trying to win it back at country fairs. There was no difficulty at all about the first prize, which I award to L. G. Large.

FIRST PRIZE

HE WASN'T BLITHE

Summers moved from the bar; through the swing door, down by the wood and round the corner; unhurried, placid; dumb, unwondering; his flat brown face a blankly stolid moon, and when they arrested him there were no high words and no emotion.

"A long run, Blithe," they said. "You'll get ten years."

Bewildered he clutched his jug, clasping it for safety close against his chest, like a child with a threatened doll. "My name ain't Blithe," he said.

He said it again in the car, "My name ain't Blithe," the jug tight in his hands, the quart spilling slowly with the miles; repeated it to his fuming, frantic counsel; mumbled it dully in the cold, strange dock.

Dumb, unresisting, dogged, he said it in his cell, large-eyed, soft-mouthed, uncomprehending.

Nine years slow fingers moved a Government needle, nine years slow prison boots scraped on a prison floor. They gave him one year's life for good behaviour.

They gave him back his clothes, his hat, his battered knife; they gave him back his jug. He hugged it tightly close against his chest and at the gate he turned upon them, shaking a slow, grey head. "But I wasn't Blithe," he said. Slowly he stumbled off, drawing his liberty loudly through his lungs, fondling his jug the day-long journey home.

They asked no questions in the village bar, they asked no questions and he spoke no word. On heavy, stolid feet he plodded home.

L. G. LARGE

There was more difficulty about the second prize. Redling was original enough to deserve it, since he makes Summers become a servant to "Lord Bentley, the almost legendary Miser of Mountford," who pays him no wages, but promises to leave him a fortune in his will. This turns out to be only a shilling "for loss sustained." I rather reluctantly award the second prize to Richard Pomfret.

SECOND PRIZE

Summers had stepped out of the "Marquis of Granby" into a blank. In the bucolic haze of his mind something had gone smash, and with it went smash the jug of supper beer—a hundred blue and white fragments in a brown frothy splotch.

For nine years Summers had odded up and down the country, haymaking, hopping, any casual job he could pick up. He told them he was Shorty—for that was how his vacant looks had got him named—and when his signature was needed it was "J. Short."

An August morning in the ninth year found him in Maidstone, out of work, one-and-nine in his pocket, and no prospects. From behind his ear he took a one-inch tab end: "Gimme a light, mister," he said to a tradesman who stood at his door. It was a crockery shop, and at his second puff Summers's eye fell on the window: "That's *our* jug!" he shouted out.

"Which?"

"That there—the blue and white with the fat bottom."

"It's yours for tenpence," said the shopkeeper.

Summers's mouth fell open, his tab fell out. "But it's *ours!*"

"You're drunk."

"That's it," Summers muttered dazedly. "That's it—you're right—it's empty an' it should 'ave the beer in it. I've drunk it, that's wot I did. 'Ere's your tenpence, mister—I must be off home—Dorkin'—gimme the jug."

Twelve hours later a dirty, weary Summers brought in the beer to his wife.

RICHARD POMFRET

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 193.—ANOTHER ARTHURIAN LEGEND

Sir Summit, wandering in the country of the Antilogs,* came (as one was apt to do in those days) upon a fair damsel chained to a tree. Within her reach were (1) some exiguous refreshments and (2) fifteen discs, which respectively bore the numbers:

3 4 7 8 9
12 15 16 21 25
30 31 32 36 47

---

* This is just put in for fun. The problem has nothing to do with Antilogs.

Sir Richard Grenville

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Sir Summit, after hacking ineffectively at her chains with his sword, enquired if there was anything he could do. "I fear me not, Sir Knight," replied the damsel, in Arthurian—or at any rate Tennysonian—phraseology. "To-night I am to be devoured by a dragon, unless I can do what is, methinks, impossible: arrange these fifteen numbers in five groups of three."

"But that," said Sir Summit, "is easy enough, surely. Indeed it can be done in a very large number of ways."

"You misunderstand me, Sir Knight," replied the damsel with a faint smile. "The groups of three numbers must be so devised that they conform to a general idea—an idea which is, I am told, so unmistakable that, once I have found it, I shall know at once that I am safe. But alas! my poor wits are unequal to the task."

Sir Summit wrestled for some time with the maiden's problem, but was unable to find the solution. At length, therefore, he decided that he had no reasonable option but to wait and slay the dragon.

And that, my dears, is how Sir Summit won his bride.

And now, can you solve the maiden's problem?

PROBLEM 191.—DEATH BY THE DIE

Mrs. Booby sits in seat No. 6.
Miss Booby ,, ,, ,, 3.
Booby ,, ,, ,, 1.

A number of solvers have fallen into a trap. They forgot that the numbers 2–12 are not equally likely to be thrown. It is, for example, six times as likely that Bumpoffski will throw a 7 as that his throw will be a 2 or a 12. Hence it will be found that the respective "survival chances" of the various seats are:

Seat 6	.. ..	24
,, 3	.. ..	22
,, 1	.. ..	19
,, 4	.. ..	18
,, 2	.. ..	14
,, 5	.. ..	11

Some comments.

"This is simple." [M. S.]

"I do not agree with Bumpoffski's observation that the best selection is about 50 per cent. better than the worst. There are several ways in which one could give a measure to the best selection; the most obvious is the probability that at least one prisoner is reprieved." [A. S. W.]

"I think Hitler would appreciate the problem's sentiment." [G. A. H.]

"If my suspicions of Bumpoffski are correct, he threw an 8." [H. J. H.]

[An 8 lands the Booby family in seats 2, 5, 4.]

"Half an hour is certainly ample time." [W. G. H.]

"A very neat problem." [H. G.]

"It has taken me a little over two hours." [N. L. S.]

PROBLEM 190.—A HOME FROM HOME

A set of Low's cartoons goes to: R. Holmes, 40 Boleyn Road, London, E.7.

Seven points are awarded.

PROBLEM 189.—DOWN ON THE FARM

About half a dozen solvers out of over 200 claim that the problem has not a unique solution. This is, of course, the case if one assumes that two of a generation may follow the same occupation. I think it is a reasonable inference from the wording of the problem that this assumption was intended to be excluded, and my opinion is confirmed by the fact that over 95 per cent. of those attempting the problem sent in the published solution. (Note also the wording "the son who is a drover," which suggests—if it does not explicitly imply—that there is a son in each of the five categories.)

However, in view of representations made, I am prepared to allow points to solvers who have made out a case for the alternative assumption.

To Solvers.

I have just returned from my (so-called) holiday and find several letters awaiting reply. These will be answered as soon as possible.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

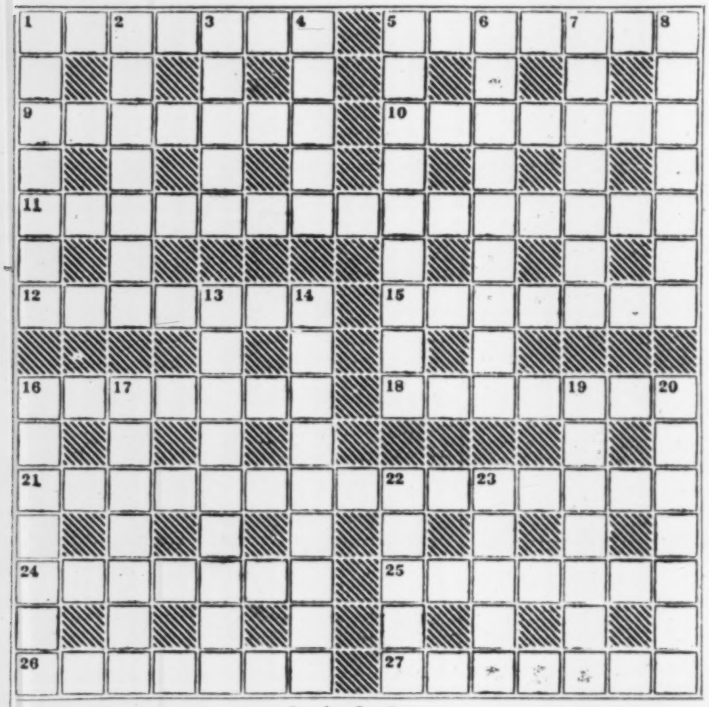
Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 339

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday. Prize-winners should address their claims to the Editor.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is
Wm. Bridgman, Etchingham

DOWN

1. Those who travel coiled, as it were, have no need of this apparatus.
2. That of arms is not a magazine.
3. Way in for competitors.
4. Military top covering.
5. Face the other way to eject the seaman.
6. Not the officer's description of a boiler suit.
7. Feeling contacts.
8. Sort of confinement that's usually vile.
13. It doesn't number when it borders No Man's Land.
14. Harm that isn't merited possibly.
16. One has to pay one's way past this.
17. Rose takes gin and gets muddled.
19. Such things are not common.
20. Has a haunting appearance.
22. Get weapons from the Marne.
23. This Russian company nearly got across with it.

ACROSS

1. Wine is of their number.
5. One might have tried for this.
9. Nymph who evidently had a meal at the fête.
10. He has a saving job.
11. The Navy then drew one at intervals.
12. Stuffed too tight.
15. How airmen ape foremen.
16. Equipage for someone's afternoon off?
18. Susan's property apparently.
21. Should prove illuminative reading.
24. I'm bored with this medicine.
25. Bill's more elaborate calling.
26. One can have reverence for 20.
27. The medical officers joined her in France.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

D	I	S	P	E	R	S	E	■	I	S	A	B	E	L
I	■	C	■	X	■	T	■	S	■	H	■	U	■	A
S	P	E	N	C	E	R	■	T	R	I	G	G	E	R
C	■	P	■	E	■	A	■	R	■	E	■	A	■	G
U	N	T	I	L	■	I	N	A	U	D	I	B	L	E
S	■	R	■	S	■	G	■	W	■	■	■	O	■	S
■	B	E	L	I	S	H	A	B	E	A	C	O	N	S
S	■	■	■	O	■	T	■	E	■	M	■	■	■	E
C	E	N	T	R	E	F	O	R	W	A	R	D	S	■
R	■	O	■	■	■	I	■	R	■	R	■	I	■	S
A	M	U	S	I	N	G	L	Y	■	Y	E	A	S	T
G	■	G	■	M	■	H	■	F	■	L	■	C	■	R
E	X	H	I	B	I	T	■	A	L	L	G	O	N	E
N	■	T	■	U	■	S	■	I	■	I	■	P	■	E
D	U	S	T	E	R	■	C	R	E	S	C	E	N	T

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THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By TOREADOR

THE boom in industrial shares has lately been flowing over, as it were, into oil shares. Earlier in the year I thought that we should have dearer petrol before September. The petrol " combines," who like to be called the " national distributors," can raise the price at any time and can probably make out a case for another 1*d*. per gallon—based on higher freight rates and a small increase in the cost of American gasoline. I doubt whether they will now do so because there is still too much crude oil being produced and refined in the United States, east of the Rockies. Whenever there is a surplus of American gasoline at Gulf ports, the " national " petrol distributors in this country always run the risk of extra competition from cheap cargoes imported by the " independents." Now that there is a new oil storage and refinery depot being built on the Thames in competition with London and Thameshaven Oil Wharves, the " independents " will soon have better facilities then ever for cut-throat competition in petrol. This is not said to frighten investors out of Shell Transport and Trading ordinary shares, now quoted at 5 5/16. I have recommended these shares persistently from 2 13/16 upwards, and as I think that they should receive a higher dividend this year—20 per cent., tax free, they are not dear at 5 5/16 to yield 4.32 per cent. gross on last year's dividend. But the " bulls " of Shell Transport and Trading, who talk the shares up to 6, should remember that competition in petrol still exists, and that American oil prices cannot soar while an excess of crude oil is temporarily being produced. Further, there is the threat of increased competition in the East. The Standard Oil Company of California has developed a large production of crude oil on the Island of Bahrein in the Persian Gulf and is busy building a refinery. Are the products from Bahrein to be dumped into India and marketed at cut prices in competition with Burmah Oil, Shell and Anglo-Iranian, or to under-sell Persian fuel oil at Eastern ports? This question came before an oil conference in New York last year but was never settled. I cannot believe that the Standard Oil of California, which is intelligently managed, will start a " price war " against its fellow combines, but its Bahrein production does not increase the chances of a rise in oil prices. However, the steady increase in the consumption of oil products, which is world-wide, is the stabilising factor in the international oil situation, and I see no reason for holders of oil shares to become nervous. The following table gives the present market prices as compared with the lowest this year of the leading oil shares and the yields on estimated dividends :—

	Prices. Lowest, 1936.	Prices. Present.	1935 Divs.	1936 Est. Divs.	Gross Yield % on Est. Divs. £ s. d.
Anglo-Iranian ..	68/9	4½	15	17½	3 17 9
Burmah Oil.. ..	81/3	4 15/16	20	22½	5 0 0*
Shell-Transport ..	81/7½	5 7/16	17½% tax free.	20% tax free.	4 16 6
Trinidad Leaseholds	82/-	5¼	17½†	25%†	4 15 3

* Allowing for tax at 3/3 in £. † Year ending June 30th.

* * *

A final word about American oil shares will not be out of place. The leader is Standard Oil of New Jersey. I am always assured that it is cheaper to buy the Standard Oil parent than its children, but it is difficult to understand this reasoning. The parent is so vast and complex that I cannot believe that any board of directors can manage its affairs efficiently. However, it may be true that the new American tax law will force the New Jersey Company to pay higher dividends. Humble Oil is the most favourably situated of the American oil companies, for it has large production reserves and sells its gasoline in bulk to the Standard Oil of New Jersey, which controls it. Of the ex-members of the Standard Oil family I prefer Standard Oil of California as an investment. Standard Oil of Indiana is much more speculative but it is improving its oil reserves. Socony-Vacuum, which market oil internationally, is not to be compared in my judgment with Shell. Outside the Standard Oil group the most powerful is Shell Union. It is now paying its regular preferred dividends and will be forced, I think, by the new tax legislation to pay off all the preferred dividend arrears ($26.12½ per share) at the end of the year. The common shares will then begin to look attractive, especially if earnings of between $1.50 and $2.00 per share are shown. Of the " independent " companies I prefer Union Oil of California, Gulf Oil and Texas. The next table gives the present market prices and the lowest prices this year and the estimated earnings and earnings yield for these American shares :

	1936 Lowest Price.	Present Price.	1935 Divs.	Est. 1936 Earnings.	Est. Earnings Yields.
Humble Oil	57	65	$1.00	3.75	5.77
Gulf Oil	72	88	Nil	3.00	3.41
Shell Union	14¾	18⅞	Nil	0.75	3.97
Standard Oil of New Jersey	51⅛	62⅞	1.25	2.50	3.98
Standard Oil of Indiana ..	32¾	36⅝	1.00	2.00	5.46
Standard Oil of California	35	35½	1.00	1.75	4.93
Socony Vacuum	12½	13½	0.20	1.00	7.41
Texas	28⅞	37⅝	1.00	2.50	6.64
Union Oil of California ..	20	20¾	1.00	1.20	5.78

* * *

A reader of my paragraph last week on investment trusts reminds me that some of the American trusts have made a much better recovery than the British. He refers, of course, to the management trusts, for practically all the American fixed trusts came to an untimely end. The prize goes to Lehman Corporation. These shares, which have no leverage factor, ranged from 63 to 136 in 1929, and are now quoted at 119½ with a break-up value of over 120. The directors of this Corporation deserve great praise for proving to us that " brains will tell." British investors are mostly interested in the preferred stocks of the depressed trusts, such as :—

	Present Price.	Net Assets per Share.	Div. Yield.
*Selected Industries $5.50 prior prefd.	99	126	5.56
*U.S. and Foreign $6 1st prefd. ..	96½	181	6.22
*U.S. and International $5 1st prefd...	90½†	151	*3 31

* On basis of $3 per share now being paid.
† Arrears total $25.75.

The Securities Exchange Commission is making a belated investigation into American investments trusts and will probably recommend some form of legislative control.

AS A PERMANENT INVESTMENT the shares of British Banks and Insurance Companies offer safety of capital and certainty of income with excellent prospects of appreciation. Hitherto, investment in this field has been restricted by the high cost of the shares and the liability generally attaching to them in respect of uncalled capital. Through the Trust of Bank & Insurance Shares the investor can now acquire an interest, free from personal liability, in shares selected from 52 leading British Banks and Insurance Companies.

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EDWARD CAREY,
Registrar.
August, 1936.

UNIVERSITY OF BIRMINGHAM.

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The stipend offered is £1,000 a year.

Twenty copies of applications, which should be accompanied by copies of not more than three testimonials, together with references or other credentials, should be forwarded to the undersigned, to reach him not later than the 30th September, 1936.

It is desirable that the selected candidate should enter upon his duties on the 1st January, 1937.

Further particulars may be obtained from

C. G. BURTON,
Secretary.

The University, Birmingham, 3.
July, 1936.

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GLOBE.	**"Call It a Day."**	Wed. & Thurs.
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ST. JAMES'.	**'Pride & Prejudice.'**	W., Th., S.
ST. MARTIN'S.	**Heroes Don't Care.**	Tu., Fri.
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A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE.

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Directed by RENE CLAIR.

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